The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1915.

Summary of the News

The week has been a comparatively uneventful one in diplomacy. A further German note in reply to the American communication of August 10 regarding the case of the sailing ship William P. Frye was received at the State Department on September 22 and its contents made public in the morning papers of September 24. The latest communication of the German Foreign Office, which is dated September 19, on this long-standing question is, as we note elsewhere, conciliatory in tone and assents to most of the suggestions made by Secretary Lansing in his note of August 10. American ships carrying conditional contraband, we are assured, will not under any circumstances be destroyed, but the right is reserved to destroy merchantmen if their cargoes are absolute contraband when such ships cannot conveniently be taken into port. Germany also accepts the proposal of the United States that the indemnity to be paid for the loss of the Frye shall be determined by a commission of two experts, chosen, respectively, by Germany and the United States, and the further American suggestion that the question of legal justification for the destruction of the Frye, in so far as it involves the interpretation of existing treaties, shall be submitted to arbitration at The Hague.

No further progress is to be recorded in the negotiations between Count Bernstorff and the State Department in regard to the general issue of the submarine warfare. Count Bernstorff is understood to have taken the position that a serious difficulty is presented by the orders of the British Admiralty to merchantmen to endeavor to ram submarines on sight and the offer of substantial rewards for so doing. The German Government last week took occasion to reaffirm its denial that the Hesperian could have been sunk by a German torpedo. On the other hand, from British sources it is reasserted that a torpedo and not a mine caused the destruction of the vessel. In this connection we note as a matter of record the story, which appeared in the New York *Times* of September 24, of the master of the British steamship Crossby, who declared that he witnessed the torpedoing of the Hesperian, and that the same submarine afterwards chased the Crossby for several hours. Fragments of metal found on the deck of the Hesperian, which, it is alleged, could only have come from a torpedo, have been sent as evidence to the United States.

The departure of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, has been delayed on account of the failure of his Government to issue definite orders for his recall and the insistence of the State Department that only the recall of the Ambassador, and not "leave of absence," would satisfy the demands of the United States. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date, however, stated that informal information had been received from Ambassador Penfield, in Vienna, that the Austro-Hungarian Government would recall Dr. Dumba.

A further note, it was announced on Monday, has been addressed to the State Department by the Austro-Hungarian Government relative to the export of munitions from this country. The note, according to the cabled summaries, disclaims any expectation on the part of Vienna that the United States Government should forbid a "normal" traffic in munitions, but asserts that the protest was made against the economic life of the United States being made subservient to the production of war material on the greatest possible scale.

Dispatches from Washington of September 24 indicated that arrangements had been made for the release of American-owned goods of German and Austrian origin at present detained in neutral ports of Europe by the British Order in Council. The British Embassy has notified the State Department that it is prepared to receive applications for permits to export such goods in cases where American importers had either paid for them or had rendered themselves liable for the purchase price before March 1, 1915.

The Anglo-French Commission, which has been negotiating the terms of the credit to the Allies, left New York for Chicago on Monday. No official announcement of the terms so far agreed to has been made, but it appears to be definitely established that the amount of the loan shall be $500,000,000. Information in Tuesday's papers was to the effect that the five-year notes convertible into fifteen-year 4½ per cent. bonds would be offered to investors at something less than 98½.

The activity of German submarines has been somewhat revived during the past week, but the quota of their victims still falls considerably short of what we have been taught to regard as the normal. Seven British ships have been sunk by submarines in the North Sea and one in the Mediterranean since we wrote last week. A British, a Dutch, and a Danish vessel have also been reported sunk, but the dispatches leave it in doubt whether the destruction was caused by mines or submarines. Elsewhere we note our satisfaction at the circumstances of the sinking of the Anglo-Colombian, reported in Saturday's papers.

The tenseness in the situation caused by Bulgaria's order of mobilization, which we recorded last week, has been sensibly relaxed. The order was hailed with unrestrained joy in Berlin as presaging the entry of Bulgaria into the war on the side of the central empires, and by the French and British press was generally regarded as representing a defeat for Allied diplomacy. What have been the actual intentions of King Ferdinand and his Premier, M. Radoslavoff, it is still impossible to say, but, in view of the developments of the past few days, the theory that Bulgarian mobilization represented a "bluff" is at least as tenable as any other. Greece replied to the threat on Friday of last week by ordering the mobilization of her naval and military forces, and has made it evident that she is prepared to stand by both the letter and the spirit of her treaty with Servia. It was also announced that Greece, in the event of war, would receive the support of an expeditionary force of the Allies operating from Salonica. That the Bulgarian coasts would be exposed to attack by the Allied fleets may have been a further consideration that hastened Bulgaria's official reaffirmation that her mobilization had been ordered solely for the purpose of "armed neutrality." Little of a definite character has been heard during the crisis of the possible attitude of Rumania. It is known that Germany has exerted all possible pressure to induce the Rumanian Government to permit the passage of munitions through the country, but this pressure has so far been resisted, and dispatches from Bucharest of Monday's date stated that at a meeting of the Cabinet it had been decided not to modify in any way the present line of conduct.

Dispatches from Berlin at the end of last week announced that the total of subscriptions to the third German war loan was in the neighborhood of $3,000,000,000.

Reports from various sources during the past week leave, unhappily, but small room for doubt concerning recent atrocities, amounting to a policy of annihilation, committed by order of the Turkish Government on the Armenians. According to a statement by Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, secretary of the Committee on Armenian Atrocities, made public on Sunday, not less than half a million Armenians have already been murdered or forced into the deserts of northern Arabia. The German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, in a letter made public on Monday, characterized all reports of Armenian atrocities as "pure inventions."

On both fronts during the past week the position of the Allies has been materially improved. In the east the Russians appear to be holding fast on their right, resisting von Hindenburg's efforts to take Dvinsk, while at the southern end of the line they have made substantial progress. Lutsk has been retaken, and on Tuesday Kovel also was unofficially reported to have been captured from the Austrians. In France and Flanders the long-awaited Allied offensive, after a long period of preliminary bombardment, was commenced on Saturday of last week, and continues as we write. Notable successes were achieved by the British north of Arras, Loos, twelve miles from Lille, being captured, and by the French at Souchez, which was taken, and in the Champagne, where fifteen miles of trenches were captured. Unwounded German prisoners to the number of 23,000 were taken, besides seventy or more cannon and a large number of machine-guns.

A further raid of Mexicans into Texas occurred on September 24. In the skirmish that ensued an American private was killed and an officer wounded. No material change has occurred in the general situation. In Hayti, also, clashes occurred on Sunday and Monday between American marines and Haytian rebels in which an American sergeant was killed and ten marines wounded.

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The Week

The full significance of the notable Allied successes on the western front is to be determined by the tremendous fighting still under way. The new battles of Champagne and Artois are under way as we write. To be sure, even if the Allies are checked on their present line they will still have scored their most notable success since the battle of the Marne, and made the greatest advance won by either side in the west since last September. Compared with the British advance of half a mile on a front of four miles at Neuve Chapelle, the French gains of last winter in Champagne, the German "gas" victory of four miles by two east of Ypres, and the Crown Prince's advance of three weeks ago on a front of one mile by one-third of a mile, the French drive of Saturday and Sunday, two miles deep over a front of fifteen miles, stands out as a major operation. The number of German prisoners—more than 20,000—emphasizes the magnitude of the victory. For an adequate comparison with the operations in Champagne we must go to the east and the great Teuton thrust against the Russians in Galicia of last spring which marked the beginning of the end of the Russian offensive. From Tarnow to Gorlice, the line along which the Mackensen "phalanx" was hurled against the Russian front with shattering effect, is twenty-five miles. In the Champagne the front must have approached nearly that length, of which fifteen miles measures the width of Gen. Joffre's victorious phalanx.

Viewed in detail, the gains made by both the French and the English have value as a threat against the German line of communications, between the Argonne and the vicinity of Rheims, and between La Bassée and Arras. Rheims is the apex of a triangle of which the Argonne is the base and the two lines of railway from the north and the south end of the Argonne to Rheims are the sides. The northern railway lies behind the German lines. The southern railway lies behind the French lines. The control of the respective railways was the natural object of campaign on either side. The Crown Prince's efforts to the west of the Argonne have had this objective. On September 8 the Germans got a third of a mile nearer the railway along a front of one mile. Only the other day the German heavy guns were firing into St. Menehould, which is the centre of the French position in the Argonne. The latest French victories are the reply to this threat. At Tahure and to the south of Somme-py the French are now less than three miles from the German railway line. The control of this line would naturally disorganize the entire German position from Verdun to Rheims and beyond. The British and French effort north of Arras was directed against the highway from La Bassée through Lens to Arras and the railway a mile or two behind the high-road. By seizing the village of Hulluch the British have got astride of the La Bassée-Lens road. Around Thelus the French have got astride the same road half-way between Lens and Arras. To the extent that the enemy employs motor communication along this road, his lines have therefore been cut. It would require another short thrust to cut the railway which runs in a curve from La Bassée through Lens to Arras, and so further endanger the German position.

Both the spirit and the substance of the latest German note on the case of the William P. Frye are highly satisfactory. Most of the claim which we asserted has been conceded, and what remains is discussed not only in the accents of friendliness and respect, but—what in the case of German communications concerning questions of war ethics is at least equally important—in the language of reasonable argumentation. As an indication of the final outcome of our controversy with the German Government, the note is distinctly of good augury. It must be remembered, however, that the questions at issue in connection with the Frye have never been of such character as to threaten serious consequences, and have little or no connection with those arising out of the destruction of the Lusitania and the Arabic. The Frye question, provided only that good will in relation to its treatment was manifested, has been one that might drag indefinitely without danger. The issue that has been critical is that of the safety from German attack of American lives on merchant ships of enemy nationality. Our position on this question was that of the maintenance of a fundamental right, the character of which is absolutely unmistakable; while, on the other hand, Germany's indisposition to acknowledge the right was due to the feeling—whether well-founded or not—that she had at stake in this matter an interest of enormous importance to her in this war. Nevertheless, the tone of the Frye note can scarcely fail greatly to strengthen the confidence of those who believe that the whole difficulty will soon be satisfactorily settled.

Coming on top of the satisfactory note from the German Government on the Frye case, and of various unofficial reports concerning the submarine policy now ruling at Berlin, the story of the treatment of the British steamer Anglo-Colombian, as cabled by Wesley Frost, our Consul at Queenstown, was naturally welcomed as highly encouraging. If the question still drags, if our State Department shows itself wary about accepting pleasing demonstrations at their face value, this is but the counterpart of its wariness about plunging into irremediable conflict when confronted with doings of the opposite character. If we could be patient when the actions of the German Government were such as to make patience almost impossible, we can certainly afford to be patient when there is a substantial prospect of thoroughgoing settlement. The Administration set out to attain a result of that character, and it cannot be satisfied with less.

Just what Capt. von Papen meant when he wrote to his wife that he always tells "these idiotic Yankees" to hold their tongue, is perhaps the least important question that has yet arisen in connection with the great war. Nevertheless, it *has* arisen, and has given rise to all sorts of comment, including a certain amount of candid acceptance of the designation on the part of those who regard this or that characteristic of American politics, society, journalism, or what not, as deserving of the label used by the German military attaché. This being so, it is perhaps worth while to point out that the context shows the Captain's mind to have been not on any of these large aspects of "Yankee" civilization, but on something relating specifically to his own profession. The passage, as printed in the New York *Times*, was as follows:

> . . . The sinking of the Adriatic may well be the last straw. I hope in our interests the danger will blow over. How splendid on the eastern front.
>
> I always say to these idiotic Yankees that they had better hold their tongues. It is better to look at all this heroism with full admiration. My friends in the army are quite different in this way.

But evidently the paragraphing is wrong "How splendid on the eastern front" belongs with the following paragraph, the whole of which then relates to the achievements of the German army. It may be that the Captain regards us poor "Yankees" as *blödsinnig* in every respect, but apparently he wishes to pass that judgment on us only as regards our ability to estimate military prowess; and

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he exempts from the judgment those "Yankees" who have been so fortunate as to be saved from all idiocy by a West Point education.

A collation of various reports of the *Vorwärts* article on European food prices shows the boldness of its character. It is a flat contradiction of statements circulated in Germany that food prices in England are as high as in that country, and is reinforced by a tale of rates per pound reduced to pfennigs. It points out that before the war English workingmen were known to live cheaper than German, and that the relative increase in Great Britain has not altered the price-level in Germany's favor. English beef is 90 pfennigs, against 141 in Germany; veal is 94, against 144; mutton 89, against 147; and pork 84, against 188. As the German laboring class consumes far more pork than other meat, it has to pay double the British price for its staple meat dish. As for Austria-Hungary, "the prices there are even much higher than in Germany. The populace was obliged to content itself for months with a strong admixture of maize or barley in bread, greatly deteriorated in taste and digestiveness. There is a scarcity of meat, and . . . on two days of the week no meat may be sold." There are difficulties in comparing the prices of foodstuffs of different lands, arising from differences in statistical methods, and *Vorwärts* presents its figures with reservations. But its article warns Germany not to take undue comfort from one expert's estimate that English food prices have advanced 49.5, and another's that they have advanced 45.3 per cent.

The statement on the Turkish massacres sent out from Paris by representatives of the Armenian Church adds another document to evidence that is fast becoming impressive. Again it is asserted that the number of deaths approaches half a million; again it is declared that "Christian martyrdom has at no time assumed such colossal proportions." The Church representatives refer to direct reports in their possession as the basis of these assertions. It is simultaneously telegraphed from Washington that the records of the State Department are replete with detailed letters from American consular officers in Asia Minor, giving harrowing tales of the treatment of Armenians by the Turks and Kurds, and confirming allegations that a war of extermination has been undertaken. One step to be taken is the alleviation of suffering in Armenia through a relief fund. If the outrages have anything like the magnitude reported, the American Government ought to register a formal and emphatic protest without loss of time. As Lord Bryce has said, our official voice is the only one that has any power. Ambassador Morgenthau is said already to have made general representations: backed by a full and official statement of the indignation with which the American people regard the Turkish crimes, he might be able to put a period to them.

Villa's troops have abandoned Chihuahua without a struggle and are now reported to be passing through Juarez headed due west for the Sonora hills. When the military history of 1915 comes to be written it will not, after all, be a record of trench-digging and deadlock. The Teutonic campaign against Russia will be proof that battles in the grand manner are not a thing of the past, and possibly the military historian will not disdain to cast a glance at Mexico. Within its own limits, Obregon's sweep against Villa may compare with the sweep of Hindenburg and Mackensen against the Russians. Only a few days before the Austro-Germans crashed through the Russian line in Galicia, the forces of Carranza under Obregon defeated Villa's army at Celaya, to the north of Mexico City. In the five months that have elapsed Obregon has thus driven Villa's forces clear to the American border over a distance of 900 miles, or more than three times the distance covered by the victorious Austro-Germans in the same time. And Obregon's record has been very much like the Teutonic record in its steady tale of miles covered and cities taken—Aguascalientes, San Luis Potosi, Durango, Saltillo, Torreón, Chihuahua, and, as seems likely any day now, Juarez. The only difference—apart from the obviously enormous difference in the scale of the fighting—between the advance of the Mexican victors and those in Europe is that the Teutonic progress seems to be slackening, whereas Obregon's advance has steadily gained momentum.

With the retirement of Villa's forces into Sonora the end of organized resistance to Carranza becomes plainly a fact. It has been virtually a fact for some time, inasmuch as the retreat of Villa's forces for some time has been a flight rather than a retreat, cities like Torreón and Chihuahua being abandoned without resistance. From Juarez a spur of the National Railways runs west to Casas Grandes on the Chihuahua side of the Sonora border. There the high Sierra begins. Where there are railways, Villa is at a disadvantage, since it enables his pursuers to bring their superior forces into action. It is in the wild country to the west of Casas Grandes that Villa must count upon making some kind of a stand, his activities being without doubt confined to a guerrilla warfare sufficient to disprove any claim Carranza might make to the exercise of complete control. But Villa himself, if he is to draw any assistance from across the border or from outside Mexico, must move westward till he strikes the railway running north from the port of Guaymas to Nogales on the Arizona line. The campaign of Carranza will, therefore, in all probability take on the form of a double advance, one from the east across country, while the main advance will come from the south by the railways that run into Guaymas and so north.

The modification of the treaty with Hayti by the transfer to the Bank of Hayti of powers which it was at first proposed to give to an American financial adviser is an inexpensive and tactful concession to the self-respect of the republic. It was in this attempt to set up a financial representative of our Government who would have more power than the Haytian President himself that the original draft went so far beyond the Anglo-Dominican and other conventions. The Haytians had protested against such an officer, and also against the American Receiver-General, who is to be placed in charge of the custom houses. Both, they thought, would clash with native dignitaries, and breed increasing ill-feeling. The treaty which President Dartiguenave has now signed very properly leaves the customs in our hands; the corresponding representative in Santo Domingo has never experienced any difficulty, and his administration has been to the benefit of all concerned. If there is any one who thinks that the Receiver-General and the American Minister will not be able to put a sufficient curb on wrong-headed tendencies in Hayti, he need only read the last report from Receiver-General Baxter in Santo Domingo, with its account of the execution of President Wilson's plans in political as well as fiscal affairs. The addition of an autocratic "financial adviser" would have constituted a needless offence to the islanders' sense of independence.

Secretary Daniels's letter to his new Naval Advisory Board requesting suggestions for a

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new experimental and research laboratory at Washington doubtless prefaces an appeal to Congress for the authorization of better facilities along these lines. The weight of the names of the advisers will help carry the appeal, as in the future it may be of service in obtaining governmental support for other projects relating to the development of scientific methods. But such a step emphasizes the fact that it is the Navy Department and its own employees which will assume the burden of the hard inventive thinking and the hard routine work involved in formulating new naval departures. Part of the public which has been reading of the Secretary's success in obtaining the services of an authority on astronomy and mathematical physics, another on sound and its measurement, another on smokeless powder, another on the turbine and electrical naval propulsion, another on coaling apparatus, and another on ship-stability, may have the impression that this group is to become the brains of the Navy Department. In asking for improved laboratory facilities, Secretary Daniels emphasizes the fact that the talent the navy has always possessed must continue to be its mainstay—and he says a just word in praise of that talent. The three chiefs of the bureaus of Steam Engineering, Ordnance, and Construction, with their subordinates, have long been doing a surprising work in supplying ideas and developing them, and this under difficult surroundings. Mr. Edison and his twenty-three helpers may prove of great value, but the essential activity must be that of the Department's permanent staff.

Those who have hearkened to the noisy cry from one or two sources that the Constitution proposed for New York State is a reactionary instrument, which will chain the State to a government by political machines, grasping interests, and narrow bureaucrats, must be astonished at the way in which exponents of progressivism are coming out for it. One of the most notable of the radical-minded and forward-looking school of sociologists and political thinkers, Prof. Samuel McCune Lindsay, reviews it in the *Survey* with the warmest praise. He examines it not only as a specialist in social legislation and administration, but as one who has made a comprehensive study of the organization of government. It will receive the approval of all advanced voters, he concludes. "Not a single distinctly backward step is taken in any change proposed in the new Constitution, and while in many particulars the Convention has not gone as far as desired by those who want the Constitution of the Empire State brought fully abreast of the progress made in government in other States and in foreign countries, it is in every particular an improvement on the existing outworn Constitution, and a very considerable move in the direction of progress and adjustment to the new demands of existing conditions." Professor Lindsay's view is not unexpected; he watched the work of the Convention with approval. But those who read his reasons for his stand can hardly believe that the bosses have neatly hoodwinked him.

There is one feature of the Philadelphia primaries that is not encouraging for the reformers; that is the nomination by the Democrats of a separate candidate for Mayor. Director Porter, who ran on the Republican and the Washington party tickets, ran also on the Democratic ticket. No one supposed that he would come anywhere near to winning the Republican nomination, but there was no reason why the handful of Democrats in Philadelphia should put up a candidate of their own. But while about 3,000 of them voted for Porter, twice as many voted for their own candidate. There may be a few Democrats in that city who desire a separate municipal ticket as a matter of party pride, but everybody knows that the real reason behind the separate ticket is the desire of the Democratic machine to keep things together for trading purposes with the Republican organization. The Democratic *Record* remarks that there is yet time for union of all anti-machine forces, and that it does not care under what party label the fight is waged; but it is also frank to say that no effective opposition can be made with divided ranks. Porter polled rather more votes on last Saturday than Blankenburg polled in the primaries four years ago. It is the plain duty of decent Philadelphians to turn this fact to advantage, by providing for the concentration of these votes against the return of the gang.

The equal suffrage invasion of Canada has at last achieved a definite result in the announcement of Premier Sefton, of Alberta, that a governmental measure will be brought into the forthcoming Provincial Legislature "placing men and women on a basis of absolute equality so far as provincial matters are concerned." The majority of the Liberals is such that the Premier's declaration is a virtual guarantee of the ballot to over 100,000 women. While he speaks only of provincial equality, their admission will be to Dominion suffrage also, for by an act passed at Ottawa in 1897 the Dominion electoral qualifications are made those of the various provinces. The Toronto *Globe* is of the opinion that "other provinces will no doubt fall rapidly into line, and in a few years, perhaps a few months, people will be wondering why the reform hung fire so long."

Keir Hardie and John Burns won their first seats in the House of Commons together in 1892. But while Burns has been regularly re-elected ever since, Hardie was defeated in 1895, and it was five years later before he began that service at Westminster which has now been ended by his death. This difference in dates represents a difference in political development. John Burns went to Parliament as a laboring man, with a salary contributed by laboring men, and he had won prominence in the great dock strike. Nevertheless, he embodied an older tradition than Hardie. His entrance into the House showed what success might be achieved in modern England by a laboring man rather than what power might be seized in her councils by laboring men acting unitedly. In Hardie's triumphs, not a man, but a class, pushed its way to the front. There was a difference also in their political temper which was representative of a wide change in the country. John Burns, despite the violence of his early days, was simply a Radical who happened to be a laboring man; Keir Hardie—a natural rebel—was a Laborite and a Socialist, and became Chairman of the Independent Labor party. Burns was made President of the Local Government Board, and only last year President of the Board of Trade, and aroused criticism among his followers for wearing the trappings of his office. Hardie broke one of the traditions of the House by appearing in it, not in a silk hat, but in a Scotch cap. He may even be said to have abolished the tradition, since there was sufficient restiveness under it to take advantage of his boldness, so that now members wear what they please. In their attitude towards the war, the two men are more nearly alike. Burns resigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade because he differed from his colleagues in the Cabinet upon this issue, and Hardie was the leader of the peace element among the British Socialists. More than one of his utterances in Parliament since the war began have aroused bitter comment, and one of the London newspapers went so far as to call his attention to an Order in Council which prescribed penalties for giving aid to the enemy.

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THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE.

In the first weeks of the war, when the stupendous onrush of the German armies towards Paris held the world's fascinated attention, the dominant thought in the general mind was that of the great tradition of German invincibility. Would 1914 be the repetition, on a grander and more awful scale, of 1866 and 1870? That question seemed to be answered at the Marne, in the early days of September. What Prussia had done to Austria at Sadowa, what Germany had done to France at Sedan, was not to be done to the Allies in this culminating test of Germanic prowess. The war was to be a trial of strength not between men and supermen, but between nations worthy of one another's steel. Mighty as the military power of Germany continued to show itself both on the eastern and on the western front, impressive as she was at once in resources, in valor, and in mastery of the art of war, the feeling of the world for many months was that the fundamental factors in the case were against her and were bound in the end to determine the result.

Broadly speaking, this continued to be the prevailing feeling outside of Germany, until the inception of the magnificent German campaign against Russia in the late spring. From the beginning of the Galician drive on the first of May to the fall of Warsaw on the fifth of August, and beyond that, the attention of the world was chiefly centred on an exhibition of German power calculated to revive those ideas of its uniqueness and almost omnipotence which the check administered to it at the Marne had dispelled. The utter disappointment of the early hopes of the Allies at the Dardanelles served by contrast strongly to emphasize this impression. And finally there came, in the one department in which Germany had theretofore seemed an utter failure, developments which appeared to betoken an unexpected success of incalculable value to the German cause. Bulgaria's mobilization was looked upon as a threefold assurance of further signal advance for the Teutonic Powers: it was a victory for German diplomacy, it was a sign that a Balkan Power peculiarly keen in the weighing of chances had come to the conclusion that the Teutonic allies would win, and it was in itself—if it meant what it seemed to mean—a reinforcement of the most signal kind in that quarter of the field in which impending events were of most crucial character. It is safe to say that at no time since the turning back of the first tide of German invasion in France has there been, in this country at least, so near an approach to the acceptance of the idea of German invincibility as there was a week ago.

The beginnings of a reaction had, however, been furnished before that time. For some weeks it had been plain that Russia's resistance had not collapsed, that Germany would not be free to release an indefinite number of troops from the fighting there and use them against Servia or France as best suited her calculations. Then came clear proof that the Bulgarian mobilization was not to mean what it had seemed to mean; Greece had something to say, and the forces of the Entente Powers had something to say. And it was on top of this that the news of the great Allied offensive on the western front came as a reminder of realities which had been lost sight of, but which had all along been in the background. What will be the net outcome of this offensive, whether it will fundamentally alter the position of the German invaders, is a question upon which it would be idle to make predictions. But it is not too much to say that, conjoined with the disappointment of the Germans' hope both of decisive results in Russia and of a radical change in their favor in the Balkans, the manifestation of Allied strength on the western line means an alteration of profound importance in the character of the situation.

In saying this, we have in mind a factor that is too often overlooked in speculations concerning the probable or possible duration of the war. If the war could not be brought to an end satisfactory to the Allies except by the exhaustion of Germany's powers of resistance, the prospect would be appalling indeed; and yet, when anybody suggests a termination short of this, he is almost sure to be told that the Germans are unanimously in favor of fighting to the bitter end, that they will sacrifice the last man and endure the utmost hardship before they will yield. There is no doubt of their patriotism or their devotion. But in this, as in military prowess, they are simply men, not supermen. What they feel, and sincerely feel, to-day furnishes no evidence whatever as to how they will feel if their almost complete confidence in ultimate victory shall have been turned into an almost complete certainty that ultimate victory is impossible. The success of the recent loan was hailed with pæans of joy by the Kaiser and the leading German newspapers not only because it was a proof of patriotism, but quite as much because it was a proof of the people's sure expectation of the triumph of the German arms. Their cheerfulness in subscribing to the loan, their readiness to have the nation incur the debt, was referred not only to loyalty, but perhaps even more emphatically to the certainty that not Germany, but the "guilty nations," would have to bear the burden. When this vision of sure victory fades, when the prospect of staggering indemnities to be paid by England and France is abandoned, when all that can be looked for is at best a continuance of fearful sacrifice of life and treasure, with no compensation in sight, is it not absurd to suppose that the German people will continue to stand "unanimously" for infinite slaughter and suffering? They are, as is evident, by no means unanimous now; but the dissenting voices are naturally hardly heard so long as the ear of the nation is attuned to the sound of victory, past and future. What gives to every serious setback to the German arms a significance truly momentous is not simply its military consequence, but the possibility it holds out of hastening the beginning of that change in German feeling about the war upon which, more than upon anything else, the hope of its termination in a reasonably near future must rest.

ENGLAND'S PROGRAMME OF WAR TAXATION.

In his speech to the Reichstag last month the German Finance Minister, after setting forth that the German Government had determined to impose no new taxes, but to finance the war entirely on borrowed money, made the following remark:

> We do not stand alone in hoping to balance our extraordinary budget without new sources of revenue, or recourse to new taxation. The force of circumstances has compelled England to do the same.

The statement was not correct, even as applied to the budget of taxation adopted by England in the early months of war. Dr. Helfferich himself admitted that the income tax and the beer and tea duties had been increased last autumn, but he laid much stress on the fact that, even so, only 5 per cent. of the British war expenditure was being paid by taxes, as against a roughly estimated 40 per cent. in the Napoleonic conflict, and he concluded, with reference to both Germany and England, that "the only method seems to be to leave the settlement of the war bill until the conclusion of peace."

The budget of new proposals for taxation by the Chancellor of the British Exchequer will put the German Finance Minister somewhat out of countenance. Comparing Mr.

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McKenna's estimate of annual revenue under the proposed taxation with the actual receipts for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1914, and accepting his estimate of expenditure in the present fiscal year, it appears that Great Britain will be paying 17 per cent. of its total expenditure out of taxes. Furthermore, since the estimate of revenue affects a twelvemonth nearly half of which is already past, it is clear that, in a fiscal year to all of which the new taxes would apply, the proportion of the total revenue raised from them would be considerably larger.

The increased imposts are distributed with an unsparing hand. Nothing approaching it has been witnessed since the famous budgets of the younger Pitt, at the crisis of the Napoleonic wars. Import duties on tea, coffee, chiccory, and tobacco go up 50 per cent.; on patent medicines, 100 per cent.; new import taxes of 33 1-3 per cent. are proposed for motor cars, bicycles, clocks, watches, and even hats. The sugar duties are increased; rates for postage, telegraphs, and telephones are made higher. Profits from manufacture of war material are taxed at a rate which the dispatches estimate will turn more than half of such profits into the public Treasury.

It is, however, the increase in the income tax which attracts the most attention. In that branch of taxation, the Exchequer's problem was considerably more serious even than that of Pitt. The situation confronting Pitt was one in which no tax on an English citizen's total income was imposed, and in which, therefore, the raising of fresh revenue was relatively easy; whereas Mr. McKenna had to deal with an income tax which was already higher than in any other English war since the struggle with Napoleon. Before this war broke out the rate was sixteen pence in the pound, or 6⅝ per cent.; it was stated to have been doubled last autumn. The Chancellor now proposes a 40 per cent. further increase, which, according to specific cables from London, makes the basic rate in "unearned" incomes no less than 17½ per cent., with a graduated tax running as high as 34 per cent. on incomes of $500,000.

All of last week's advices from London give the impression that Parliament and the people will acquiesce in these heavy burdens, accepting them as the inevitable price of England's participation in the war. That attitude, indeed, seems to have been taken for granted by the Exchequer; for Mr. McKenna, far from addressing soothing assurances to the English public, tells it that, although "we have trebled our debt and doubled our taxes," nevertheless, "if the war continues these proposals cannot be our last word." It is impossible not to contrast the grim frankness thus exhibited by the English Government with the German Finance Minister's remark to the Reichstag, after rejecting the idea of war taxation, that "those who provoked the war, and not we, deserve to drag through the centuries the leaden weight of these thousands of millions." In other words, the German Government makes no preparation to pay the bill, but trusts cheerfully to the war indemnity which it is sure of collecting from somebody else.

This contrast is itself one of the impressive sidelights on the new British budget of taxation. It does not clear up such questions as the economic consequences of these immensely increased taxes, when the war is over, and when the problem of meeting the enormous interest charge in time of peace arises. The similar problem, created by the Napoleonic wars, was solved by the great expansion of productiveness and wealth, brought by the industrial revolution with its steam power and railways. It may be that some economic developments of the future, now unseen, will help in the process on the present occasion. That aspect of the war and its after-consequences embodies uncertainties as obscure in the field of economic history as are the accompanying uncertainties in the field of political history.

Yet the bearing, on the war itself, of the respective attitudes of the English and German Exchequers, is at least suggested by a prophecy from an expert source, made public a year before the war. Assuming a deadlock and an indecisive struggle, this prophecy declared that in such case "success will ultimately fall to him who can boast the highest moral energy and self-sacrificing spirit; or, where on both sides the moral motives are of an equally high standard, to him who can hold out longest financially." This was the judgment of Gen. von Bernhardi.

RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS

Less than a fortnight after the fall of Vilna, and when any moment may bring news of the fall of the fortress of Dvinsk and the breaking of the line of the Dvina, it may seem rash to speak of a stiffening of the Russian resistance and a slackening of the German advance. And yet beyond the specific facts recorded in the official bulletins, there is the outstanding impression that a parallel development is under way on both sides. The German forces are abating in the sustained offensive which is the particular genius of the German army. The Russians are manifesting an increase of that dogged defensive which is the particular strength of the Russian army. On their left wing, in the south, the Russians seem actually to have brought the Teutonic advance to a standstill, and are exercising pressure in turn. On their right, in the Riga-Dvinsk region, they have given ground slowly. In the centre, where the Teutonic advance has been most rapid, the rate of progress is declining. The German armies covered the distance of fifty-six miles from Warsaw to Siedlce in just a week, or at the rate of eight miles a day. From Siedlce to Brest-Litovsk they took two weeks for sixty-six miles, or less than five miles a day. From Brest-Litovsk to Pinsk they took three weeks for 110 miles, or a little more than five miles a day. In the ten days since Pinsk was taken they advanced only a few miles. In the same way von Hindenburg to the north took more than a month to cover sixty-four miles from Kovno to Vilna, going just two miles a day.

There are commonplaces which are true and there are commonplaces which are false. What the world has been saying about the fighting qualities of the Russian soldier in the face of continuous defeat is true. What the world was saying for a good many months regarding the genius of Grand Duke Nicholas, in both victory and defeat, apparently needs sharp revision. The achievements of the Russian army since the first of May, when the shattering Teutonic blow fell in Galicia, have been extraordinary. For nearly five months a beaten army has had to face unrelenting pressure which only now gives sign of relaxing, and after five months of retreat with heavy loss over a distance of more than 250 miles, it is still fighting back as hard as ever, beaten but far from demoralized. Foreign observers have attributed this showing partly to the courage of the Russian soldier, partly to the skill of the Russian high command. But in Russia today the inclination is to give credit only to the peasant soldier. The late commander-in-chief's strategy was, from the beginning, regarded with doubt by a large section of military opinion in Russia, including some of the Grand Duke's lieutenants. The collapse of the Grand Duke's plans is now regarded as proof of their essential unsoundness. That, to be sure, is the penalty that always attends failure. But in the present case the fact remains that the invasion of Galicia was always considered by some of

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Russia's best professional soldiers as a perilous adventure.

Those who opposed the Grand Duke's forward policy based their arguments on the proved characteristics of the Russian army—that it has seldom been effective in the offensive, that it has always been admirable on the defensive. For years before the war it was the general belief that in the case of a conflict with Germany the Russian army, far from attempting any invasion of Germany, should make no serious endeavor to defend the Polish salient, but should fall back to the Vistula, if not beyond, and let the enemy spend himself in assaults on the Russian trenches. The Grand Duke Nicholas, a man of unlimited self-confidence and iron will, decided otherwise. It is common rumor in Russia that Gens. Russky and Brusiloff, who won the battle of Lemberg and overran Galicia, acted against their own better judgment. They recognized that, while Russia's numbers might give her the advantage in the first months of the war, she had not the sustained energy to conduct an offensive on a large scale. Neither has she the material means, and primarily the railways, for exercising pressure on an immense front. The enemy had that great advantage, and to oppose him with a thinned line from the Baltic along the Polish frontier to the Carpathians was only to offer him a choice of striking-points. Events have shown how completely such a forecast was justified.

Apologists for the Grand Duke's strategy have argued that his views were justified by the necessities of the general situation on both fronts. They say that even in defeat Russia has served the Allied cause well by saving France and England from a crushing defeat. The first Russian disaster in East Prussia, at Tannenberg, by this view, compelled the withdrawal of German troops from the west, and so decided the battle of the Marne. The Russian advance from Warsaw in October, which ended in the defeat at Lodz, served in the same way to relax German pressure against the British around Ypres. But as a matter of fact, it is still to be proved that the Germans did weaken their line in France before the Marne in order to clear East Prussia. The famous five or six corps shipped to the east are as yet an assumption. Nor is it to be supposed that the Germans, in the heat of the fighting around Ypres, drew off troops for von Mackensen at Lodz. A sounder defence for the Grand Duke's policies would be to say that by concentrating against the Austrians in Galicia he was hitting out against much the less formidable of his opponents. But this would be justified only on the supposition that the thrust against the Austrians could be pushed home. The Grand Duke's opponents argued that in the very nature of the Russian psychology and the state of Russia's military efficiency such a consummation was not to be expected.

To-day the situation is, therefore, a return to the original plan contemplated by the Russian generals whom the Grand Duke overruled. It is a sadly tried army that is standing on the defensive and on a line far behind the one originally contemplated. But in the fact that the Russian army is now brought back to the strategy that suits it best, the Russian people find hope for the future. It is recognized that a crisis exists, but there seems to be no inclination to give up the contest. Many of the signs of depression that follow upon defeat are apparent. There is a tendency to cry treason, as in France in 1870. Russia's armies have been led largely by generals of German origin. Von Rennenkampf is held responsible for the first Russian disaster in East Prussia in the first month of the war. Von Rennenkampf's failure to come up in time is said to have saved von Mackensen around Lodz in November, in which battle there were three other generals with German names. The second defeat in East Prussia was inflicted upon a Russian general named von Sievers. We need not take these suspicions seriously. But Russian opinion is finding comfort in the fact that under the Czar as commander-in-chief the conduct of affairs is in the hands of men with good Slav names like Russky and Ivanoff.

A QUESTION OF DECENCY.

It seems plain that the affairs of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis are to be, for a considerable time, conspicuous in the public eye. They are not a pleasant subject of contemplation. Perhaps in some respects they are not even an easy subject. As usual in such cases, there is much statement and counter-statement regarding matters of fact. And when one has arrived at a probable judgment concerning these matters of fact, there is still room for all manner of estimates as to the degree of blame to be attached to the conduct at the bottom of the facts. Persons of charitable disposition may incline to make allowances for circumstances, real or imagined, which may have led from one step to another, until the minister, at first merely blamable for dabbling with speculative enterprises at all, found himself plunged in a bog, his desperate efforts to emerge out of which resulted only in his sinking deeper and deeper into it. And in like manner, as to his confession and repentance, while some will lay most stress on the fact that these came only under the stress of failure and of pressure from without, others may be inclined to give the minister full credit for sincere and heartfelt contrition.

These questions of external fact, and these appraisals of internal merit or demerit, we shall not undertake to discuss. They are of profound importance to Dr. Hillis's congregation, and, in view of the long-standing prominence of Plymouth Church, they are of legitimate interest to the country as a whole, and especially to all religious bodies. But there is a wider aspect of the matter, one that involves no complexities and which is of far deeper and more general concern. Far transcending the question of how people ought to look upon an individual preacher who has done the things Dr. Hillis has done, and who avows his regret and his purpose to do otherwise, is the question of the standards of decency which they instinctively apply when confronted with such a case. Not the judgment that people finally pronounce upon the affair, but the attitude they manifest towards it, is the really important thing. And in this regard some plain truths ought to be plainly spoken.

We are quite unable to say what impression was made upon the congregation at Plymouth Church by Dr. Hillis's statement and sermon. And whatever impression was made at the moment, under the influence of emotion stirred by eloquence or by a natural commiseration, we cannot say how lasting it may have proved. But there have been several remarkable expressions of approval and admiration by prominent men who were not present. "I think it was Christ-like," said one of the speakers at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Chicago. "You have more friends to-day," declared Mr. Bryan, in a telephone message of cordial sympathy, "than you ever had before."

Now what was this "Christ-like" act, this performance which, in the view of our ex-Secretary of State, has blessed Dr. Hillis with more friends that he ever had before? Nothing, it must be admitted, could exceed the humility which he put into some portions of his talk. But what he was speaking about in those portions was the contrast between his own

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conduct and the ideal of the most devoted and self-sacrificing Christian life. "My deepest thought," he declared, "is that there are home missionaries and foreign missionaries and social settlers and neighborhood visitors whose shoe latchets I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." He had for some years been fearing lest he was biassing students and young ministers "towards the lecture platform, public life, and prosperity, instead of towards obscure, gentle, tender, Christ-like service." But all this sentimental self-abasement does not seem to have been sufficient to prevent him, in his sermon, from dwelling, with obvious allusion to his own tribulations, upon the theme that men grow great through suffering, and from daring to illustrate it by saying that "there was no Iliad until Homer became blind" and that "Jesus was made perfect through suffering."

Now we do not hesitate to say that to like this sort of thing, to accept it as a substitute for a manly and straightforward statement on such a matter as that in which Dr. Hillis has been entangled, argues a lamentable want of appreciation of the peremptory obligations of plain decency. If Dr. Hillis went into the kind of speculations and business transactions with which he is charged, he was guilty, not of failure to fulfil the lofty ideal of the perfect Christian minister, but of conduct which, in any minister of religion, is not decent. This idea does not seem to have so much as found a lodgment in his mind; just as his admirer, Mr. Bryan, was never able to see that there was anything indecent in a Secretary of State of the United States exhibiting himself at so much a night at the travelling Chautauquas. And when Dr. Hillis came to express his regret, it was again a requirement of decency that he should make a plain confession of error, instead of indulging in a lot of mawkish sentiment, either as to his anguished humility over the past or his exalted purposes for the future. There are many very high qualities which we all like to find, both in ministers of religion and in Secretaries of State; but we all know that we almost always have to content ourselves with a distant approximation to the ideal in both cases. The one thing on which we cannot afford to compromise, the one thing that must instantly and irretrievably offend public sentiment if it is in a sound condition, is a violation of those instincts of decency and fitness which are among the most permanent and the most indispensable of the moral possessions of mankind.

Foreign Correspondence

THE ZEPPELIN RAID—CONSCRIPTION: A SUMMARY OF THE ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST COMPULSORY SERVICE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 14.

The Cornish wreckers are said to pray: "Oh, Lord, we do not ask that there should be a wreck, but if wreck there must be, grant that it may take place on our beach!" So without really wishing the Zeppelins to visit the district in which these letters are written, I certainly rather wished to be on hand if a raid actually came. But I reached London, after my holiday in Devon, just too late to witness what my neighbors describe as one of the most marvellous experiences of their lives. The great airships gleaming golden or silvern in the beams of innumerable searchlights, seem to have been as visible as if it had been high noon; and every one has his tale to tell of their apparent size and distance. One military observer asserts that he even made out the guns mounted on their decks. The shrapnel shells from our anti-aircraft guns were seen exploding all round the Zeppelins; and most of the civilian observers feel sure they saw some hits. All agree that the airships finally turned their noses upwards and disappeared behind a cloud, which may or may not have been of their own manufacture. Doubtless some members of the community obeyed the directions of Government and took refuge in the cellars; but the general attitude seems to be better typified by that of a neighbor's cook, who called down to her mistress: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, do come up on the roof! You can see it all much better from here." A number of non-combatants have been killed, a certain amount of private property has been damaged, and our disgust with German methods of warfare has been accentuated; but the military results seem again to be nil, except in the boomerang form of stimulated recruiting. We are not callous to the horrors of the visitation, but our resentment is even deeper than our sorrow, and our determination has been fortified. The assertion that the airships escaped unscathed should probably be taken with a grain of salt.

The question of universal and compulsory national service, frequently disguised under the invidious and misleading name of conscription, is inevitably claiming more of our attention and interest from day to day. It is undoubtedly a matter of regret that, in certain sections of a press that has, on the whole, borne itself with commendable decency and restraint, there has been a tendency to discuss the subject with some acrimony and to endeavor to force the hand of the Government in one direction or the other. At the same time, it is a little difficult for a democratic community to yield unreservedly to the appeal, made by such men as Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Cromer, for total silence and patient waiting on the Government's decision. It is felt that no Cabinet is omniscient, and that Ministers cannot possibly know the feeling of the country unless it is ventilated to some extent. A certain amount of discussion seems no less excusable than inevitable, and can hardly lead to mischief if carried on in a proper temper and spirit. The question must be decided on its merits and without regard to the good or bad taste of the prominent advocates of either view. If universal national service is necessary for our salvation, we must welcome it whether or no we dislike the little ways of the Northcliffe press. If, on the other hand, it would seem that the voluntary system is adequate to the occasion, we need not pause to consider whether or no the arguments of the *Daily Chronicle* and the (London) *Nation* are often more ingenious than ingenuous. On whichever side we stand, we may remind ourselves that the unrighteous sometimes do right and the righteous sometimes make mistakes. Strange and very imperfect tools have occasionally been used to most excellent purpose.

It is certainly very difficult, at this moment, to gauge the prevailing opinion in Great Britain as to compulsory service. Thus, while the Trade Union Congress has just passed a vote against conscription, it has at the same time expressed its desire for an effective organization of the nation for the victorious prosecution of the war. It is surely inconceivable that, if a moment came when these two pious wishes were in collision, the latter should be allowed to go by the board? So far as my own personal experiences go—and I have made inquiries as widely as possible—I should be inclined to give it as my judgment that, while the nation is not yet convinced of the need of universal service, it would not resent a demand for it, backed by an adequate measure of information as to the reasons for the necessity. Among the so-called "lower classes" I find the predominant (or, at least, very prevalent) feeling to be: "I am quite ready to go when we are all called, but I don't see why I should give up my job when Tom is allowed to stick to his." I have ascertained that the "waiting to be fetched" attitude, which I imagined to be more or less of a journalistic figment, is really held by a very large number of eligible men. They know that, when they themselves want a thing very much, they go and try to take it; and nothing will convince them of their own intrinsic value to the national existence till they feel the grip on their arm or the net over their head. The class of real "slackers" and deliberate parasites is, I think, relatively very small. And even they are not such negligible material as some would have us think. It was a very eminent military authority indeed who said: "Give me a thousand cowards and six months to train them in, and I will confidently meet any thousand untrained heroes you like to bring against me."

It is certainly disingenuous to describe the cry for universal service as a cry for conscription, in the ordinary sense of the word. It assuredly does not mean that every man, married or single, skilled or unskilled, is to be sent to the trenches, irrespective of any thought of his possible greater usefulness elsewhere. What is meant is really systematic national organization for the proper conduct of the war. It means that Government should be entitled to call on every fit man of military age for any services he may be able to render towards this end—military, industrial, or administrative, as the case may be. It would, undoubtedly, put a new and enormous power into the hands of Government; but it must be remembered that this power would be essentially a temporary war-measure, analogous to the various economic and other restrictions we have already submitted to. The idea that any considerable body of Englishmen wish

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military conscription for its own sake is, I think, a mere bogey. I should not wonder if fewer now believe in anything like the Continental form of conscription than at the beginning of the war, though there may be some who believe in some form of national military training, similar to that of Switzerland. It would be much nearer the point to talk of conscription to end conscription, just as we talk of this present struggle as the war to end war. It is interesting to notice how the stress of war is sifting out those who possess an idea from those who are possessed by it. It is mainly those who have once committed themselves in print or on platform that seem unable to adapt themselves—unable to see that, for a temporary crisis, very drastic temporary measures may be needed that would be highly undesirable in perpetuity. Doctrinaires and extremists have no place now; we must all be opportunists, in the best sense of that word. We have to realize that a nation organized for war is much less complex than the same nation organized for peace. In war we need to be, so far as practicable, a community of two classes only: those who fight, and those who produce subsistence and munitions for the fighters. The varied forms of consumption so welcome in peace are out of place in time of war. Our desires, like our eye, must be single.

The arguments of the upholders of the voluntary system seem on the whole to be based more on general principles and spiritual grounds, the validity of which is inherently unprovable except by trial; those of the National Service host have at least a plausible air of practical common-sense. It may be true that enforced service is foreign to the genius of the British race, that its introduction would break up the unity with which the nation is now facing the war; but it seems a fair counter to this to say that dire necessity may have to bend that genius to the yoke, and that a unity that does not get enough eligible men into the field is hardly worth preserving. The voluntary system, say those who distrust its adequacy, is wasteful, uneconomical, haphazard, undignified, invidious, and unfair; it gives our allies some shred of reason for thinking we are not bearing our full share of the burden; it is really more disturbing to trade and industry than universal service would be, since it leaves to the accident of individual temperament and impressionability what should be the result of a reasoned system of selection. The argument that anything approaching conscription is undemocratic is met (*inter alia*) by a reference to the American Civil War. President Lincoln was not hampered by fear of the bugbear of consistency when he abandoned the voluntary system; but surely there was no lack of democracy here, and surely the invidious distinctions said to be inevitable between the conscript and the volunteer did not manifest themselves in the Northern armies. It is, I think, realized that, if we are forced to resort to compulsion, there must be no exemption from some form of national service except for actual unfitness; and it is also more or less agreed that there should be no penal clause, such as less pay for the conscript. We cannot make a distinction, through the medium of filthy lucre, between the higher and the lower motive.

While the public is entitled to its thoughts about this important matter, it is, of course, obvious that it does not possess the information necessary for a final judgment. The estimate as to the number of men we now have under arms varies from the 2,000,000 of the gloomiest conscriptionist to the 4,000,000 of the most sanguine voluntarian. We do not know whether or no the War Office is now getting all the recruits it can equip or train. We do not know how many men are necessary for indispensable industrial and agricultural work. But, as already indicated, we may confidently trust that the spirit of the nation is ready, more or less blindly, for any sacrifice of which the necessity is made clear.

THE FALL OF THE INTERNATIONALE—GUSTAVE HERVE ON "BLEATING SOCIALISM."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 11.

'Tis the final struggle!
Close ranks—and to-morrow
The Internationale
Shall be all mankind!

To-morrow has come and the Internationale lies stark with the other illusions which war has slain. Jaurès must have known it before he was killed. His last appeal to the comrades to force the keeping of peace was made in the name of all mankind—"Humanity," he called it. Their answers were already coming in—"We go with our country!"

Gustave Hervé recognizes the fact: "I don't know where our English Socialist comrades get their bleating Socialism. Hasn't their journal *Justice* been writing: 'The Labor Internationale and not the Pope of Rome has authority in Europe to speak of peace in the name of the peoples and it's not too soon for its voice to be heard! [I re-translate from Hervé's French.]

"Labor Internationale? [asks Hervé]. Where is it? Who does not see that the war has felled it to earth? What have we at present in common—we French Socialists—with the Kaiser's Socialists who have not had one word of protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality? The proof that she's very dead—our Labor Internationale—is that I who profess to be a good Socialist feel myself a thousand times nearer to a French Reactionary fighting in our trenches than I do to a German Socialist. She will arise perhaps. She shall arise surely, even. While waiting, she's dead. *De profundis!*

"She has just as much authority to speak of peace at this present moment as the traveller whirled away in a lightning train whose brakes refuse to work would have to stop the train. What's the use of bluffing?"

Once started, like his lightning train, Gustave Hervé is not easy to stop. "We wished to try every means, even big means, to prevent war—and those German Socialist idiots, who are politically two hundred years behind us, would not follow us. We did our duty. We have nothing to reproach ourselves with—we French Socialists—for we got ourselves dragged in the mire by trying to prevent the catastrophe. The catastrophe came—and now we can do no more.

"Or rather all we can do is to get the best we can from it for Humanity."

Some of us, from the beginning, were clairvoyant enough to perceive that any Internationale in which Karl Marx and his disciples had a finger would really work for a German mankind. This was Bakunin's prophetic idea when, at the Congress of Basle in 1869, he did his best to get control of the old Internationale for his An-archy—which had at least the negative merit of not playing the game of any particular race of schoolmasters. Then came the German war of 1870 and smashed the Labor Internationale a first time. The Commune of Paris had its last explosive echoes.

Gustave Hervé now goes on to ask: "What is the best we can get from this war for Humanity?" He begins with a recollection which might well touch Americans to the quick and make them ask in turn why, at the Internationale's beginning, American principle and practice were so often cited as an example, whereas now we are ignored. Or else we are passed by on the other side as citizens of a Republic held in fee by that *bourgeoisie* which Karl Marx tried to set permanently over against his Labor proletariat. (And, by the way, what really was the idea of the New Englander Uriah Stevens to whom I remember hearing ascribed at the time—after 1864—Karl Marx's final plan for an international federation of labor?)

This is Hervé's recollection: "Our good ancestors—those of 1848—with the good ancestors of our friends of Italy dreamed of founding by Revolution a new Europe—they called it Young Europe—in which peoples should govern themselves, in which there should no longer be one people reduced to serve another, and in which all the peoples, free and independent, should try to found the United States of Europe.

"The operation failed in Central Europe—in Germany and Austria—where castes and dynasties have kept on governing uncontrolled; and in Eastern Europe—in Turkey and Russia—where bureaucracies have been able to rule regardless of public opinion."

Gustave Hervé, with the usual fixed idea of a Frenchman, imagines the English comrades must "get their Socialism from the Holy Bible" and admonishes them in consequence: "Dear brethren, the ways of God are impenetrable. In His Providence He has let loose this catastrophe that all oppressed people may be freed—the French of Alsace-Lorraine and the Danes of Schleswig and the Poles of the three Polands, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, and the Rumanians of Transylvania, and the Servians of Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, and the Bulgarians of Macedonia, and all—Greeks and Armenians and Arabs—whom the Turk oppressor holds beneath his yoke five centuries long.

"His Divine Providence has willed that the two oldest royal families of Europe, the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Hohenzollerns of Prussia, should be discredited and dishonored and thrown into the dustbin; and that Holy Russia should pass gently, without revolution—lo, the miracle is at work before our eyes—from autocratic Czarism to the Parliamentary régime of the Duma.

"And you, O English Socialists! you would have us, soldiers of God, soldiers of the Right, you would have us stay our avenging arm and stop God's finger short?"

Under the whiplash words of irony thus cracked at all pacifists who conspire for the German peace now that the German conquest by force is failing, we hear the honest expression of feeling of what the war's end ought to bring to mankind.

God said, I am tired of kings—

provided only that republics be turned also to ruling the people from above down, like kings, instead of from the town-meeting up

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as Tocqueville praised in the Republic of the Fathers.

A union then of honest men,
Or union never more again.

Perhaps the nearest lesson to be retained from this fall of all Internationalism is, after all, the old proverb enshrining the wisdom of the ages—Blood is thicker than water. The universal Church of Christ has never before so nationalized itself. Socialists, whose cause is really that of all peoples and who had their label to protect, now glory in having thrown it to the winds. Pacifists Germanize or announce their conversion to something else. And the latest *Novoye Vremya* bears to us the voice of the Russian common soldier dying for his people. It is told by Father Staphanoff:

"A wounded soldier begged me to hear his confession. He was mortally wounded. With tears that brought tears, he made his self-accusation. Then, when he was to receive the last sacrements, he grasped the priest's hand, pressed it in his own fainting hand, and besought him: 'My father, quiet me for God's love.'

"'Why? Have you something to send to your wife and children? Shall I write a letter for you? Be quieted, I will do all I can.'

"'I have been twice wounded and everything has been done; but now I feel I am dying. I shall not rise again. Say, please, that which will make me close my eyes in quiet.'

"'What is it you wish?'

"'Is it possible they will make peace with Germany? Shall not the war last to its end? Then, why all this blood we have shed, why all these men killed, why all these eyes closed in death? The struggle must be kept up to the end, no matter what it costs.'

"You should have seen the joy and happiness reflected in his eyes and on his face when I explained there had never been any question of concluding peace with the Germans, that all Russians were firmly resolved to conquer, cost what it may, the enemy. Quieted, he made the sign of the cross with his cold hand. And the priest blessed and kissed him."

This may not be Tolstoi, but it is the rude direct logic of the Russian *mujik* repeating, as all those who have suffered in this most cruel war must do, what the refined French mother after the slaying of her last son wrote to War Minister Millerand:

"See that all this bloodshed and sorrow may not have been in vain and that other mothers may not, in the future, have to suffer as we have done."

In a letter from the trenches where the most murderous fighting goes on, I find other words of this natural upright reasoning: "Little more than a year ago not one of us dreamed of going to war. Is nothing to be done to those who have forced us into it? Not one of us wishes for peace until Prussian militarism is crushed for ever!"

It is not probable that all Internationalist theories which put abstract Humanity in place of the country a man knows and loves—they might as well obliterate the man's family—will cease in France. In spite of Hervé, there are still attempts to keep to the old phraseology.

And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you,—
Who's loath to leave this life
Which to him little yields—
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often labor'd fields,
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

The Monroe Doctrine

A CONSIDERATION FROM A NON-TECHNICAL POINT OF VIEW.

By W. H. JOHNSON.

There has been some discussion, during the past year, as to whether an invasion of Canada by the Germans would constitute a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, calling for intervention by the United States. This is cited merely as a sample of various theoretical problems concerning this "doctrine" upon which a vast amount of technical ingenuity has been exploited, and perhaps wasted. We are told that in this or that case we must do thus or so, or the doctrine must be given up forever and a new policy put in its place. With especial frequency, of late, we have been warned that if we maintain the doctrine at all we must accept full responsibility for all offences committed in the countries to the south of us against foreign nations or individuals, either making reparation ourselves or exacting it by force from the offender.

All these discussions are vitiated more or less by the effort to apply legal technicalities to a problem which belongs rather to the domain of the ordinary intelligent citizen than to that of the legal or diplomatic expert. The Monroe Doctrine was born not of the law-books, but of a popular conviction, which it fell to the lot of President Monroe to formulate in an official document, that the continued safety and welfare of our own country, together with that of the other young nations which had recently succeeded in gaining an independent existence on this hemisphere, was conditioned by a genuine freedom from Old World domination. The assurance of such freedom demanded not only that no Old World Power should violate the right of any American people to determine the form and conduct of its own Government, but that the American continents should thenceforth "not be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers." These were felt to be the two indispensable prerequisites to that freedom of development for the New World in the desire for which the formulated doctrine had its birth. References therein to "the allied Powers," their "political system," etc., were merely of the time and had nothing to do with the heart of the Doctrine. If the European Powers of the time had been republics instead of monarchies, and had not been allied at all, there would still have been the feeling that they should not be allowed to dominate the destinies of the New World.

Such being the nature and purpose of the Doctrine, the application of it will naturally vary from time to time. It can admit of no variation, however, which would defeat its traditional purpose or destroy its fundamental character. It ought to be evident to any one that its fundamental character and purpose would be destroyed by any interpretation which would make of it an engine for the destruction of the independence of those weaker American countries whose interests were bound up with ours in its inception. It would do rank injustice to the spirit of our forefathers to assume that a genuine altruistic interest in these weaker countries was not a weighty consideration in the matter, and it would be sheer stupidity in the present generation not to see that any attack upon their continued independence, by ourselves as well as by any other, would be a serious menace to our own safety. The purpose of Monroe was in the fullest sense a guarantee of freedom, not a denial of it, and it would be a glaring falsification of history to extend the name of Monroe to any policy which would directly or indirectly reverse this attitude.

This phase of the question gains importance from the frequent assertion of a certain class of writers that we must either allow other nations to enter these weaker countries and forcibly exact reparation for wrongs committed therein against their countrymen, or assume the obligation of satisfactory reparation ourselves. In either case it is evident at once that no real independence would be left to the weaker nation, and that the right of the small nation to exist at all would be seriously endangered on this hemisphere. Present conditions in Mexico have, of course, stimulated acute words and feeling on this point. We are told with emphasis that as soon as the European war is over we shall be obliged either to let European nations enter Mexico and right in their own way the wrongs suffered by their subjects, or forcibly to restore order and justice there ourselves. Permit the prediction that there will be no serious overseas attempt to force our hand in the matter at all, and that we shall do neither. Is it implied, then, that these nations shall have free license to commit or allow within their borders any depredation whatever upon the rights of outsiders? Not at all; but in obtaining reparation there must be such choice of means as is consistent, let us not say with the Monroe Doctrine, which sounds too technical, but with that assurance of free American development which is the object of the Doctrine. In the sad plight of the last two years in Mexico, our own people have suffered far more from lawless assaults on life and property than those of any, or of all, lands across the seas. We have recognized, however, that these assaults have not been perpetrated or instigated by an organized and responsible Government of Mexico, but by lawless bands or individuals whom, unfortunately, there has been no organized government capable of controlling. These disorderly conditions are the not unnatural fruitage of a régime which seemed orderly and successful on its surface, but which utterly failed to prepare the Mexican people for the time when the motive force of that régime should be removed. Some of these days—and there are signs that it will be in the near future—the stomach of Mexico will effectively revolt against any further diet of powder and lead. An era of peace and recuperation will follow, with

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freer institutions, greater justice to the masses, and hence less tendency to accumulate dangerous gases under the surface for another disastrous explosion. Under such conditions the chance for a fair reparation for past wrongs, coupled with the possibility of friendly and profitable relations in trade and investment in the future, is certainly a better outlook than anything likely to result from the attempt to obtain immediate satisfaction at the mouth of cannon.

The present revolution in Mexico will not have been altogether in vain if, in connection with a rigidly maintained bar, in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine, against summary military exaction of international settlements, it shall have taught investors due caution in placing their money outside the territorial jurisdiction of their own flag. Mexico needs the aid of foreign capital in her material development. Outside capital will go in if there is apparently a stable government, administered with a fair degree of intelligence and evidently actuated by a desire to do even-handed justice. Such a state of affairs appeals most strongly, not to the gambler, but to the legitimate man of business, whose presence will make for honest and solid development of the community in which his investments are situated. But capital would also go in if there were assurance that in case of disorder or injustice the capitalist could call upon his home government and have his claims (calculated with extreme liberality under such circumstances) exacted for him through a custom house seized by a fleet of Dreadnoughts. This situation would appeal not so much to the sober, constructive business man as to the one of gambling instincts, capable of the secret bribing of officials or financing of revolutions in order to swell claims the realization of which might be made even easier by resultant disorders which would call for the ultimatum and the warship. Now, for the good of Mexico herself, for the best interest of the world at large, under which of these two sets of conditions ought the foreign capital which she needs to be obtained? The peaceful pressure of withholding the outside capital so badly needed, until Mexico can give assurance of a fairly stable and just government, will do more for the healing of her peculiar troubles than any other outside medicine available. And that is just what the proper interpretation and enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine will tend to bring about.

The Monroe Doctrine was the answer of the time to the need of "preparedness" against possible dangers from without. Its preservation now, in its original spirit and purpose, is a more effective answer to the need of preparedness against the perils of the future than any unusual enlargement of our army and navy. And the indispensable condition of its preservation is, as we have shown, a rigid regard for the independence of the nations to the south of us, even though that independence be occasionally abused. To lavish money on big guns and armies and then throw away the chance for a united American sentiment against allowing aggression upon any American state from without befits the brain of a political imbecile, not of a statesman. We may well question either the motive or the wisdom of the man who is vexing the air with continual cries for military and naval preparedness, and at the same time using every energy at his command to thwart the adoption of a treaty which would do all that now can be done to make compensation to a South American state for action on our part involving a very real infraction of the true spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Let the Western Hemisphere be made and kept truly one in the desire that the whole of it shall remain free from outside domination, and free from any real ground for suspicion that the weaker members of it are in danger of subjugation through the territorial ambition of the stronger, and there can be no real danger of an attempt at conquest of any part of it from without.

And there is no real reason why such solidarity of sentiment cannot be effected. The Spanish-American countries are none of them overcrowded, nor are they set against one another with such age-long and blood-nourished causes of hatred as exist in certain parts of the Old World. Their internal troubles have been numerous, but they are learning the worth of more orderly institutions at a rate which would seem less slow to us if we would consider not solely the conditions in Mexico during the past two years, but also certain periods in the history of most other countries. Not one of them is incapable of realizing the great value of unity of sentiment on the point under discussion. But note that I say "unity of sentiment" rather than any kind of official diplomatic agreement, after the manner of the Triple Alliances, Quadruple Ententes, etc., of the other side of the water. Given the genuine sentiment, and the formal alliance will come if and when necessary. Under other circumstances its utility would be very doubtful. It is, of course, true that the one most serious danger to true unity of sentiment is suspicion of a lurking territorial ambition in the United States. The jingo spirit crops out among us here and there and its display naturally attracts anxious attention in the countries to the south, or in Canada and England; but the attitude of the President towards Mexico during the past two years, and the attitude of the people under his leadership, should go far to prove that jingoism is not the spirit of any large portion of the American people. When the taking of Mexico under our flag would have been far easier than at any time in the past and far easier than it is ever likely to be in the future, when it could have been done with less liability to damaging criticism from the world at large than is likely ever to be the case again, no thought of anything of the kind occurred to the President, no movement in its favor arose among the people. We were, of course, damaged in outside reputation by an act of a former Administration in connection with the obtaining of the Panama Canal route, but we shall yet right the wrong that was then done, so far as is now possible. And from this time on, in view of the sad state of Europe, it should be the earnest desire of every good American citizen to see relations of the sincerest friendship cultivated among all the states of the Western Hemisphere, not with a view to defeating any outside nation or combination of nations in actual war, but of producing and maintaining entirely feasible conditions under which there will be no danger whatever of assault from outside.

The presence of the British Empire on this continent, to the north of us, offers no danger. The absence of defences along the three thousand miles of border, and of warships on the Great Lakes, is an outward indication of friendship and good sense too deep to be broken. As has been said, some have been discussing whether Canada, by sending troops to the aid of Great Britain in the present war, has forfeited any right to protection under the Monroe Doctrine in case her territory should be invaded by Germany. The discussion is wholly beside the point. If by any chance Germany should so far get the upper hand of the British navy, and of her antagonists on land, as to be able to disembark an invading force on Canadian soil, we may rest assured that no hairs would be split over the technical interpretation of the message of President Monroe to Congress in 1823. The President, his Cabinet advisers, and the American people would interrogate their own minds and hearts as to whether invasion like this created any such dangers to the future independence and peaceful development of the American nations as were in the vision of President Monroe when his message was penned. And there can be little doubt as to what the answer of their minds and hearts would be. The judgment of the American people is not likely ever to be convinced that it can be safe for this hemisphere to have a hostile force landed anywhere within its limits by any Power aggressive enough to conceive the project and strong enough to justify a reasonable hope of effecting the landing.

It is, of course, true that this attitude of mind, which seems to me to constitute the irrepealable Monroe Doctrine of the ordinary citizen, imposes a heavy obligation. We must be not only strong against the outside world, but just in our dealings with it. Our treaties must never be "scraps of paper," our compliance with unquestioned provisions of international law must never be sacrificed to a self-determined "military necessity." In consideration of our history, our geographical situation, and the present relations of the various countries of this hemisphere with the world outside, it would be a sad comment on our civilization if such requirements could not be met. And if they shall in any reasonable degree be met, there can be no need to burden the back of industry in the Western Hemisphere with a material acceleration of military and naval equipment.

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Poetry

SOME RECENT VERSE.

Poems. By Brian Hooker. Yale University Press. $1 net.

The New World. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents net.

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

The Gates of Utterance. By Gladys Cromwell. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 80 cents net.

Are Women People? By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran. 60 cents net.

Mr. Brian Hooker is, in many ways, an admirable poet. He is a master of technique, of that vigilant and sedulous technique in which there is complicity in every syllable, collusion or privity in every consonant or punctuation mark. One of the earlier poems, "Ballade of the Dreamland Rose," is to my ear almost as subtly cadenced as Swinburne in that special phase of Swinburne where the music springs and gambols in the very wantonness of its enfranchisement from thought. Mr. Hooker, unprompted, might have failed to attain this proficiency; but to reach Swinburne's level even with Swinburne's aid outruns the powers of most of his contemporaries.

At this point, the critic is prone to reflect condescendingly that Mr. Hooker might have been an excellent poet if his vigor of conception and power of thought had in any way matched his technical dexterity. But Mr. Hooker is not a man with whom it is safe to be condescending. To our demand for design and thought, he rejoins presently with "Idolatry," three sonnets of which the intellectuality is manifest; rejoins further with "Morven and the Grail," in which the power of conception is incontestable. He meets every demand with the most obliging and effortless readiness, with a facility, indeed, that is almost too suave and equable. Where things are done with the deftness and swiftness of conjuration, we suspect, too readily no doubt, that the artist is a conjurer.

To say this of Mr. Hooker would be very unfair, but one feels, in the last survey, that something is wanting in this young man of great possessions. Mr. Hooker has kept all the poetical commandments from his youth up, but, if bidden to sell all his artistic goods to feed the poor, I doubt but he would go away sorrowing. He is still supposably young, and the future may reserve for him that final, emancipating, individualizing touch which will convert these insignia into powers. Inspiration, seeking a domicile, could find no chambers better swept and garnished than those offered for tenancy by Mr. Hooker. If the gypsy could only be cured of her perverse fondness for the bivouac or the haystack!

I quote the first sonnet from "Idolatry":

I must forget life ere you shall persuade
  My heart beyond it. Though at last I came
  Without hope to the horror of dark flame,
Or among glad great angels dreamed and
    prayed,
What matter? Have I not already made
  Love's own lips tremulous to breathe my
    name
  And seen all night the lidless eyes of shame
Stare through the darkness where I lay afraid?

I should yearn down from Heaven at the voice
  Of a strong child crying out angrily—
    Struggle up from Nirvana for the smell
Of rain-sweet woods in Autumn; or rejoice
  To watch the moon rise over a dim sea,
    Lifting my head serenely out of Hell.

If "The New World" (a revision of a Phi Beta Kappa poem) fairly indicates Mr. Witter Bynner's powers, his work as poetry is hardly superior to that of any well-read, versatile, and dexterous mind, without first-hand access to the springs of inspiration. I am sorry that the cult of novelty should have besprinkled his pages with those queernesses which pass muster in certain quarters for originality; but, dismissing workmanship, let me say at once that "The New World" is one of those comprehensive surveys of men and things from a specular mount which engage the imagination in the measure of its sensibility to the spectacular and the "progressive." A man and woman, intimately bound in love and trust, instruct each other in the gospel of the cohesion, the integrity, of the race. Between the theme and the framework, between a democracy which equalizes men and a love which exalts one of these equals to a primacy beyond that of kaiserdoms or papacies, there is an inconsistency which Mr. Bynner feels and discusses, but hardly resolves. There is a smack of exclusiveness in the very emphasis on democracy; one pictures Celia lowering the shades and saying, "You may go, Jane," to taste with her lover in a more luxurious privacy their common sense of the solidarity of mankind.

Mr. Bynner's ethics are pure and high; if they taper as they mount, that is a fault which they share with elms and steeples and other admirable things; they dispense in a form cleared of dogma an innocent and high-minded, but somewhat pallid, Christianity. Mr. Bynner is not content to call his fellow-man his brother; he says, "He is I, and I am he." He presses this identity too much. Used once, the above phrase may merely prove the presence of imagination. Used three or four or five times, it begins to suggest the absence of understanding.

The following passage treats of peace:

What can my anger do but cease?
When shall I fight and who shall be my enemy
When he is I and I am he?
Let me have done with that old God outside
Who watched with preference and answered
    prayer,
The Godhead that replied
Now here, now there,
Where heavy cannon were
Or coins of gold!
Let me receive communion with all men,
Acknowledging our one and only soul!
  For not till then
Can God be God, till we ourselves are whole.

Mr. W. S. Johnson's mainstays as a poet are ingenuity and melody. He favors—rightly, I think—shapely and clear-cut themes, themes of mountain-like profile, with distinct ledges and at times a salient peak. His possession of melody is manifest; the verses are affluent, blithe, spontaneous, the more varied and supple perhaps for the absence of commanding originality. But Mr. Johnson is by no means satisfied with being a builder and a melodist; like Mr. Hooker and Mr. Bynner, his relation to the universe is tutelary; he is nothing if not speculative and oracular.

The brevity of oracles, it is true, he does not emulate; on the contrary, he repoints his points with a perseverance that betrays the most humbling estimate of the perspicacity of his readers. Again his knowledge of the counsels of Deity is quite as precise—and I am willing to believe quite as authoritative—as that which alert journalists display with respect to the secrets of the chancelleries of Europe. Mr. Johnson, I hope, will forgive me for a certain slackness of interest in the messages forthcoming from the special wire which connects his writing-desk with the cabinet of the Almighty. The distance between the terminals may account for a frequent indistinctness, a murmurousness or sibilance, as it were, in the results of these endeavors to "interview" Providence. Furthermore, readers who are neither puritans nor pietists would be grateful to Mr. Johnson if he would refrain from telling God in "The Lapidary" that he, the poet, is indispensable to God's happiness. The fact may be as Mr. Johnson says, but a gentleman has to be thoroughly provoked before he throws dependencies of this kind in the teeth even of his stenographer or of his coachman.

I find the last half of Mr. Johnson's volume, where the mundane and the actual come in for cordial, if tardy, recognition, more interesting and agreeable than his gyrations in the empyrean. "The Egoist," "Strangers," "Mage Merlin's Rule," and "James Lewis" exhibit unquestionable merits in fields of surprising diversity. The sonnet I quote is entitled "The Phaedo" (the italics are mine):

"We owe a cock to Æsculapius"!
  The debt was sacred in the Master's sight,
  His grand concession to an ancient rite;
What though he knew, in speaking Crito thus,
The god a myth, his cult idolatrous?
  He saw in myth and fable, dimly bright,
  The shattered glories of the Primal Light,
And worshipped That, sublimely credulous.
Pay thy least debt of worship! *Soon or late*

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The ship comes back from Delos; consecrate
The narrow daylight hours thou hast to wait
To radiant thoughts of immortality,
Then, drinking deep the hemlock bruised by fate,
Pour no libation to the darkening sky!

The titular poem in Mrs. McGiffert's volume, "A Florentine Cycle," has, in its way, a genuine pomp; the cavalcade of stately stanzas mimics the splendor, perhaps the speciosity, of a pageant:

Grave Dante loved it, watched it as 'twas built,
In exile longed for it with yearning eyes;
Its portals are immortal in his heart
E'en now in Paradise.

Oft Petrarch, pausing in its shadow, heard
Ethereal cadences—we hear them yet!
Boccaccio's lute as Fiammetta passed
Do listening worlds forget? . . .

And Beatrice, crowned with roses, bright
With light from inmost heaven softly shed;
And vivid Simonetta, prone, aloof,
And smiling, being dead.

This is post-Tennysonian, of course, and sub-Tennysonian; nevertheless, the unlimited command of this fine orbicular stanza by a minor poet is proof of our advancement in technique. Mrs. McGiffert's admirations are as unfaltering as her rhythms. An inconsequent person like myself, for whom unevenness is a chief index of spontaneity, views with something akin to consternation an admiration so punctual, so punctilious, so rigorously disciplined and impeccably drilled, as that disclosed in the "Cycle" of Mrs. McGiffert; its appetite is large, and its digestion is masterly.

"The Aged Christ" is a brief dramatic allegory, in which, after ample deductions have been made for the indignities it heaps on logic, the reader's heart is shaken, if not wholly captured, by a subtle union of originality and pathos. The other verse reveals substantial merits, not often so effectively combined and concentred as to exalt *values* into *powers*.

The poetry of Mr. Scollard's "Vale of Shadows" is hardly so excellent as the feelings of compassion and indignation, expressed mournfully and now and then a little stertorously in the lapse of its unhesitating stanzas. The volume is readable and timely, however, and the assignment of its profits to the relief of Belgium should strengthen the sympathies of readers.

Next to its beautiful title, the chief attraction of Miss Cromwell's "Gates of Utterance" is a precision, a purposiveness, in the tone, to which I can find no parallel in the images and thoughts. The author's implement is a brush, a rather formless and unwieldy brush, but she poises it like a chisel. The matter belongs to what may be loosely called the literary fourth dimension.

Mrs. Alice Duer Miller is so robust and agile a pedestrian that one laments her ambition to figure in the less congenial part of equestrienne. In plain words, her prose is so much pithier and brighter than her verse that her verse is discredited by its proximity. The prose arguments are pointed and forcible; the verses sometimes reason, sometimes yap. One or two reflections occur to a reviewer of the sex flagellated in these satires. How curious the difference between these jovial and prosperous outgivings, redolent of good dinners and warm fires and social privilege and general well-being, and that state of parity with criminals and lunatics which has been to woman a source of such mortal offence and such unbounded delectation! Again, one asks if the weight of a thraldom can be really crushing when the nominal thrall snaps her fingers or even—I beg Mrs. Miller's indulgence—protrudes her tongue in the face of the nominal oppressor. O. W. FIRKINS.

Correspondence.

WAR ECONOMIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it be timely for some one of your contributors who may have the requisite ability to supplement the "Word to the Moderately Rich," printed in the *Nation* of September 16, with a word about economizing in order to be able to help European sufferers?

People are urged to give up luxuries. Do not other people sometimes have to bear the brunt of attempted self-denials? Women have fewer dresses, and dressmakers have to dismiss their sewing-girls. How many small earners lose their employment when people give up flowers, music, theatre, and other luxuries?

Subscriptions are being withdrawn from work here that sadly needs to be done. The appeal is great and terrible from across the sea.

How are the untrained in economies to untangle the complexities as to the just spending of money? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Cambridge, Mass., September 20.

A RESPONSE FROM ONE OF THE "MODERATELY RICH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What makes a man "moderately rich" is a question of definition. Falling within that class as your correspondent "O" defines it, I recognize the justice of his appeal and of your earnest comment upon it. While wondering a little why his aroused conscience should need the further spur of coöperation by nine fellow-penitents, I take great pleasure in meeting his challenge and will contribute the sum he names ($2,000) within the next thirty days to one or more of the war relief funds; particulars and vouchers to be submitted either to you or your correspondent, as may be deemed advisable. I do not insist upon the other eight, but will join with "O" alone, and will not promise not to go forward even though he should recede.

I hope it may not detract from any small merit that may attach to this contribution if I say that it is made possible by the recent advance in the market price of certain "war stocks" which I have been holding as dead assets for so long as almost to have forgotten their existence. Possibly this circumstance may contain a helpful suggestion to some one else.

In this connection I am reminded of a story that I lately heard about a manufacturer of war supplies whose conscience was uneasy over what he knew to be inordinate profits. He said it would do no good to reduce his selling price because the middlemen would absorb the difference. He had, therefore, resolved to set aside for himself what he deemed a fair and legitimate profit and to invest the remainder in British war bonds—a happy combination of real highmindedness with a subtle consciousness that he has a fair chance to get his money back after all. P. Q.

Chicago, September 23.

MARTIN LUTHER D'OOGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Martin Luther D'Ooge, who died suddenly at Ann Arbor, Mich., on September 12, was born at the village of Zonnemaire, in the Province of Zeeland, Holland, July 17, 1839. His father was of Huguenot ancestry; his mother belonged to a Dutch family that for several generations had followed the profession of teaching. When he was eight years old, his parents, lured by the reports of an Eldorado beyond the sea, with their young children took ship for New York.

In New York and Albany the family learned the English language, and were rapidly disillusioned; in about three years the father found himself swindled out of his meagre capital by a criminal partner. Duped, but not discouraged, he struck out for the West, determined to hew a place for a home in the forests of Michigan. He settled in a clearing about twenty miles north of Grand Rapids. In Michigan there were already many of his countrymen; the Dutch have contributed to the population of the State an element of rare intelligence and stability. When Professor Snouck-Hurgronje lectured at the University of Michigan a couple of years ago he was surprised to find there a small colony of students and professors familiar with the Dutch language.

For a time the D'Ooge household experienced to the full the vicissitudes and privations of frontier life. Then they removed to Grand Rapids, where a high school had already been established. True to the family tradition, the father, now more prosperous, encouraged Martin, although the eldest of the children, to prepare for college.

Young D'Ooge entered the University of Michigan in 1857. In the high school he had had no opportunity to study Greek, and after a year in the University resolved to make up the deficiency. He took private instruction in the summer, entered the Greek course near the beginning of the second year, and soon led his class in the subject. After graduation he served as principal of the Ann Arbor High School for two years, then resigned to enter Union Theological Seminary in New York.

At the close of the second year in the Seminary, Mr. D'Ooge's course was interrupted by an unexpected request to return to the University of Michigan to give instruction in Greek and Latin. Prof. Henry S. Frieze was then in charge of the work in Latin, Prof. James R. Boise of the Greek. Partly from a desire to be associated with men of such eminence, he accepted the invitation, and commenced teaching in 1867.

About this time the first University of Chi-

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cago was founded, and Professor Boise was called to its department of Greek; an invitation was extended to Mr. D'Ooge to take up the work which the elder scholar was leaving. He carried it on with such vigor and success that in 1870 he was advanced to a full professorship in Greek.

Always modest and self-distrustful, Mr. D'Ooge felt keenly the responsibility of his position, and the inadequacy of private study to equip him for it. He requested a leave of absence, which was granted, and in the autumn of 1870 he entered the University of Leipzig. Here he found two men particularly helpful and inspiring, Curtius and Ritschl. He received his doctor's degree in two years, and came back to the United States to resume his teaching.

At the University of Michigan Professor D'Ooge remained in continuous service, except for infrequent leaves of absence, from 1872 until his appointment on the Carnegie Foundation, in 1912. In 1886-7 he served as director of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. This was an eventful year; under the auspices of the school the excavation of the theatre at Sicyon was prosecuted, and negotiations were opened for a concession to excavate the site of ancient Delphi, which for a time seemed to promise success.

A second leave of absence, in 1899-1900, was spent largely in Greece and was utilized in preparing the manuscript of his work upon the Acropolis. Between the two absences, in the years 1889-1897, in addition to his service as the head of a department of Greek which had undergone rapid expansion, he had served the University of Michigan also as dean of the literary department.

Besides articles, educational as well as philological, in several journals, Professor D'Ooge edited two volumes for students. "The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown" appeared in 1875, and "The Antigone of Sophocles" in 1884. His principal work, "The Acropolis of Athens," appeared in 1908.

Since his retirement from active service, Professor D'Ooge has sometimes joined, sometimes alternated, study and travel. He left, practically ready for the printer, a translation of the Greek text of the arithmetic by Nicomachus.

In his long service as a professor of Greek, Mr. D'Ooge witnessed a change of attitude on the part of the public towards his subject, but also gratifying progress, alike in methods of teaching and in the advancement of Greek scholarship in American universities. No one who heard it will soon forget his address, a valedictory, as it were, on "The Study of Greek—Retrospect and Prospect,"* in which he briefly summed up, for the Classical Conference of March, 1912, the results of his reflection and experience of fifty years as a teacher of the humanities. His closing words were:

"To the modern man, Philistine though he be, the priceless inheritance of Greek literature still has, and will continue to have, a message. The masterpieces of Greek must always appeal to the human mind, steeped as they are in the universal experience of humanity and surcharged with a spirit of idealism that lifts men up to mountain-tops of vision and to inspiring intellectual delights. I can never forget a memorable evening spent in the company of the great English Hellenist, Sir Richard Jebb, and that wide-visioned historian, Lord Acton. The conversation turned upon the future of Greek. Lord Acton was a trifle pessimistic. Finally, Sir Richard said, as nearly as I can remember, the following words: 'If we believe in the progress of humanity, then those studies and pursuits that belong and minister to the highest and best part of man must not only survive, but in time must become more and more dominant. I believe in the future of Greek because I cannot disbelieve in the intellectual and spiritual progress of the race.'

"If we share in this belief, we can bide our time, and we can patiently endure the trials of the sway of commercialism and Philistinism. Meanwhile, let us keep burning the sacred fire upon Athena's shrine, until it shall flame up anew more pure and bright in the better future!"

Recognition came to Professor D'Ooge through the presidency of the American Philological Association, in 1884, through membership in other learned societies, and through the usual academic distinctions. But no formal statement can convey an expression of the appreciation of his work and influence by those who knew him best. Fitting are the words of President-Emeritus James B. Angell, who lately wrote:

"His grateful pupils are scattered over the whole country, remembering thankfully his beautiful character as well as his delightful teaching. His frank and winsome temperament linked him closely to all his associates and friends by the strongest ties."

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., September 18.

*Published in *The Classical Journal*, Vol. VIII (1912-13), pp. 50-59.

Notes from the Capital

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

With chest well out, head held erect, full beard breasting the wind, arms loosely swinging, the face of one who is at peace with the world, and the gait of a happy marcher, here comes Charles Evans Hughes, walking down Capitol Hill at the close of a day's work. Had you looked in upon the Supreme Court an hour ago, you would have heard him deliver an opinion on an appealed case of much importance. The attendant who opened the door of the court-room for you could not see the bench from where he stood, but he could have told you without an instant's hesitancy who was speaking, for Mr. Justice Hughes has a flexibility of voice, an ease of address, and a distinctness of utterance unusual in this august tribunal. The rest of the black-robed men seated on the dais against its background of crimson hangings may say as momentous things as he, but, as a rule, only a trained ear can make sure of their words. The room has poor acoustic properties at best; and these exponents of the law, most of them unpracticed in oratory to start with, and some having lungs that are not of the strongest, have fallen into a habit of either rattling through their deliverances in great haste or mumbling in their throats.

His voice and his enunciation are typical of Hughes's personality generally. He is a man of plain thought and manners, cheerful temper, and businesslike ways, with a trait of positiveness which you would scarcely suspect from his urbanity of demeanor in an ordinary discussion. Depend upon it, what he knows he knows, and what he thinks he thinks; and, although I suppose he could be persuaded to change his mind if he encountered an adversary in debate who was a far keener logician than he, it would be only after a determined struggle. Certainly no one could bully or wheedle him into a conclusion towards which he had not been headed by his own mental processes. It is equally safe to say that, although it may be possible to rip one of his judicial decisions to pieces, its weakness will not be found due to his having neglected to take into account any of the arguments presented by counsel. On that score his scrupulousness is perfect. Nor will the shrewdest inquisitor ever draw from him an inkling of his views on any litigated or presently-to-be-litigated question. He is not only always on his guard against approach through the obvious channels, but even a request for his personal opinion on some matter which has not yet given a sign of coming within his province as a judge is liable to be met with a polite and pleasant, but quite unmistakable, rebuff. At first thought, this would seem likely to put an extinguisher upon social conversation; but it does not, and the chances are nine to one that, when you come to look back upon it, you will understand and approve his attitude. He has simply seen further into the future than you.

A cold man, many pronounce Hughes, because he does not carry his sympathies on the surface, where every one can see and read them. That is part of his life-training in self-control. No man who has had to handle the interests which have fallen under his direction during the last ten years could have done his duty by them if he had allowed his feelings to interfere with his judgment, or even to share its operations. That would have meant taking his worries to bed with him, and before now he would have been nervously worn out and fit only for the human scrap-heap. As it is, his burdens of every day are laid aside at its close; and when he composes himself for rest, it is for real rest, which brings refreshment of mind and body for tackling whatever the next day may hold in store for him.

No American who has performed as many and as distinguished public services as Justice Hughes can hope to escape being "mentioned" as a candidate for the Presidency, and the amateur President-makers have been busy with his name from the day that he began to attract notice outside of his own political bailiwick. While he was Governor of New York he raised no objection to their activity; indeed, for one period he frankly encouraged it. But since he has been on the bench he has frowned upon everything of the sort. The judiciary must, according to his code, be entirely divorced from the business of giving and receiving public honors of any other kind. As he once cleverly put it, he was unwilling to invite the possibility of any political party's capitalizing his decisions, or to countenance what might drift into a most demoralizing practice, if judges generally were willing to stand as candidates for elective offices, and thus lay their decisions open to the suspicion of having been rendered with a view to future contingencies personal to themselves. And a man who, as Governor, had the courage to refuse to name the delegates-at-large from his State to the convention which held his fate in its hands, on the ground that their choice belonged to the people, is not very likely to be misinterpreted when he says "No."

TATTLER.

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Literature

THE DARWINS AND THE WEDGWOODS.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters. Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net.

The first of these volumes is almost entirely concerned with the Allens and Wedgwoods. Each was a prolific and energetic stock. Perhaps a part of the vivacity of the Allen daughters was due to peculiar home training. Surly old John Allen used to thump the table and bid his girls be amusing. They were so, both in and out of the family. One of them married Josiah Wedgwood. Another became the wife of Sismondi, the historian. Sir James Mackintosh espoused Catherine Allen. All of the sisters kept up an active correspondence with each other and with their wide-branching relatives. The letters were passed around, were usually undated, and their sorting out and identification was the patient work of the late R. B. Litchfield during a long illness. Of the whole mass, the chief notes are marked family affection, open-mindedness, and sturdy moral independence. Gradually the Wedgwood connection comes to predominate. The Wedgwoods, wrote Emma Darwin, when reading Emerson late in life and trying to like him, "have no intuitions." If not, they had almost every other kind of endowment and talent. There was Tom Wedgwood, for example, who died at thirty-four of a baffling disease, yet who impressed all who met him—many of them good judges—as one of the most remarkable men of his time. Darwin's mother was a Wedgwood, and he married Emma Wedgwood, his cousin.

The Allens and Wedgwoods saw a good deal of the notables of their day. To some of these there are glancing allusions in the early letters. Jessie Allen wrote of the disappointments in meeting famous men. "The fact is, I have very little pleasure in their company; after all, they put forth their best in writing. I would much rather read their works; that is surer than their society, which fails in giving one pleasure six times for once that it succeeds." Yet it was at one of their family dinners that Wordsworth and Jeffrey were brought together. At first Wordsworth demurred. "We are fire and water, and if we meet we shall only hiss; besides, he has been doing his best to destroy me." But poet and critic finally met, and "the two enemies liked one another's company so much that when the rest of the party broke up at past eleven, they remained talking together . . . till one o'clock." "Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done." Great freedom of speech prevailed in the Wedgwood home. A visitor wrote: "I never saw anything pleasanter than the ways of going on of the family. There is no difference in politics or principles of any kind that makes it treason to speak one's mind openly, and they all do it." One of the most strong-minded daughters, Sarah—whom some thought eccentric and almost ill-balanced—wrote in 1817 of "Lord Byron's last volume of poetry": "I suppose one ought to admire that goodness which makes people insensible to beautiful poetry because the writer behaved ill to his wife, but I can't find it in myself." Yet it was one of this vigorous sisterhood—this time, to be sure, an Allen—who, writing to her niece from Paris in 1815 of her visit to the Louvre, said: "I feel still rather uncomfortable staring at naked statues with men all round one."

The Darwins begin to figure in the first volume, but it is only at the end of it that Charles appears as a possible suitor of Emma Wedgwood. She preserved some rough notes of Darwin's, written probably in 1837, which she docketed "C. D. on marriage." They showed how the rising naturalist was weighing for himself the advantages and disadvantages of married life. Thus on one side: "Children (if it please God), constant companion (and friend in old age), charms of music and female chit-chat." But, per contra, "*Terrible loss of time*, if many children, forced to gain one's bread; fighting about no society." The conclusion, however, was not far away: "My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee, working, working, and nothing, after all. . . . No, no, won't do. . . . Only picture to yourself a nice soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books and music perhaps. . . . Marry, marry, marry, Q. E. D." Practice did not lag behind theory. Charles Darwin became engaged to Emma Wedgwood in 1838, and married her January 29, 1839. She was thirty years old, he a year younger.

Mrs. Litchfield writes: "No letters from my mother to my father have been preserved, either before or after marriage. Whether she destroyed them on his death, or whether he did not keep them, I do not know, but he had not the habit of keeping letters except those of scientific interest." Several letters of Darwin to Emma Wedgwood were kept, of which a selection is here printed, as are many to her after she became his wife, and to their children. They are all of a piece. The simplicity, the entire sincerity, the deep capacity for affection, the delicacy and scrupulous honor of Charles Darwin, already left far beyond question in the "Life" by his son and in the "More Letters," here shine out again. As Emma Wedgwood writes to her aunt, Madame Sismondi, when announcing her engagement: "He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts." Yet he was not without a vein of playful humor. Writing to Emma of a visit at the Lyells', he said: "I was quite ashamed of myself to-day, for we talked for half-an-hour unsophisticated Geology, with poor Mrs. Lyell sitting by, a monument of patience. I want *practice* in ill-treating the female sex. I did not observe Lyell had any compunction; I hope to harden my conscience in time: few husbands seem to find it difficult to effect this." Darwin, however, never succeeded in effecting it. His life long he was the most considerate of mortals. His wife was fond of the theatre, he was not. Emma wrote to her aunt: "The real crook in my lot . . . is that he has a great dislike to going to the play, so that I am afraid that we shall have some domestic dissensions on that head." It was a needless fear. Darwin adjusted himself to his wife's desires in every possible way. He even sought to shelter her from the boring winds of science. In his life-work she was a real helpmeet. She read to him when he was too ill to read himself, and was even able to aid him in translating scientific German. But, frankly, she had no taste for his pursuits. His fame she took placidly: "I sometimes feel it very odd that any one belonging to me should be making such a noise in the world." Once at a lecture at the British Association, Darwin said to her: "I am afraid that this is very wearisome to you." Her quiet answer was: "Not more than all the rest." And she was too bravely direct to pretend to care for things, whether in science or literature, simply because it was considered correct to do so. She even withstood the Shakespeare convention, finding parts of him "tiresome." A favorite aunt of hers had declared that Emma would "lark it through life." This might give a wrong impression. She had not high spirits, but she had a high serenity, with a heart equal to any fate. Her married life was not a long day-dream. She had ten children, some very delicate; and three of them died. Her husband was a chronic invalid. The tax upon her strength and patience was severe. Yet she had the secret of happiness and contentment, and her marvellous inherited vitality kept her well and active at the age of eighty-eight.

The family life of the Darwins was exceptionally beautiful. Never can there have been more free-flowing affection between parents and children. Darwin's letters to his sons are as abundant in easy good-fellowship as they are in thoughtful kindness. And he loved to have the children near him. Julia Wedgwood used to say that the only place in the Darwin house where you could be sure of not meeting a child was the nursery. "Many a time," notes Mrs. Litchfield, "even during my father's working hours, was a sick child tucked up on his sofa, to be quiet and safe, soothed by his presence." In the letters which Darwin wrote to his wife, at the time of the illness and death of their daughter Annie—which occurred away from home, where Mrs. Darwin was unable to go—we have a revelation of fatherly love wonderful and almost sacred. Twenty-five years later, in his "Autobiography," he wrote unaffectedly: "Tears still sometimes come into my eyes when I think of her sweet ways."

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Perfect as was the sympathy between Darwin and his wife in nearly every respect, there was a lack of complete seeing eye to eye in the matter of religious beliefs. Emma Darwin was no bigot. She was not even an intense evangelical. Indeed, as her daughter remarks, her own theological conceptions changed greatly in the course of her long life. Yet her heart was a fountain of Christian faith, and she did not conceal the fact that she was troubled by some of the tendencies of her husband's scientific teachings. When "The Descent of Man" was coming out, she wrote to her daughter, then abroad: "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." Shortly after her marriage to Darwin she wrote him two letters —she could not bring herself to talk—on the subject of their religious views. They are too long to quote, but they breathe a beautiful spirit—all tolerance, all uttermost love for her husband, with just a faint beseeching that he might not too rigidly apply scientific tests to matters "above our comprehension." No wonder that Darwin called these letters "beautiful." He preserved them carefully, and apparently took them out to read over occasionally, for on one of them is written the line: "God bless you. C. D. June, 1861."

The life at Down was necessarily a good deal self-centred, on account both of Darwin's poor health and the absorbing nature of his studies, yet contact with the outside world was not infrequent. For one thing, visitors were attracted by the naturalist's fame. Not all of these were angels unawares. Thus Emma once wrote to her son Leonard: "We have been rather overdone with Germans this week. Haeckel came on Tuesday. He was very nice and hearty and affectionate, but he bellowed out his bad English in such a voice that he nearly deafened us. However, that was nothing to yesterday, when Professor Cohn (quite deaf) and his wife (very pleasing) and a Professor R. came to lunch—anything like the noise they made I never heard." The Carlyles figure in the letters. Darwin thought Thomas Carlyle "the best worth listening to of any man I know." But "I find I cannot get up the due amount of admiration for Mrs. Carlyle." For one thing, she spoke Scotch hard to understand. Moreover, she had "an hysterical sort of giggle." Then she was "very far from natural." Emma Darwin had an even stronger adverse opinion: "What a coarse woman," she wrote in 1883, apropos of the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." She at once added, however: "But one gets fond of her through everything." Here is a little sketch of Carlyle in an unusual scene: "Hensleigh and Fanny had a pleasant dinner-party yesterday [May 4, 1845] of the two Carlyles, Mr. Wrightson, and Mazzini, who was clever and just in a dispute with 'Thomas' about music. . . . T. C. could see nothing in Beethoven's Sonatas, 'it told nothing.' It was like a great quantity of stones tumbled down for a building, and 'it might have been as well left in the quarry.' He insisted on Mazzini telling him what he gained by hearing music, and when Mazzini said inspiration and elevation, Carlyle said something not respectful of Beethoven, and Mazzini ended with *Dieu vous pardonne.*"

Darwin the scientist is naturally in abeyance in these pages. The most humane of men, notorious for the indignation with which he would witness or hear of cruelty to animals, he yet had scant respect for the movement against animal experimentation. If it were stopped in England, he believed that it would make English physiology fall far to the rear. In a letter to his daughter in 1875 he said that she had led him to "think over vivisection," and added: "I wish some new word like anæsection could be invented." Writing earlier (1871) to his son Horace, he remarked: "I have been speculating last night what makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things; and a most perplexing problem it is. Many men who are very clever—much cleverer than the discoverers—never originate anything. As far as I can conjecture, the art consists in habitually searching for the causes and meaning of everything which occurs. This implies sharp observation, and requires as much knowledge as possible of the subject investigated." So much for the secret of Darwin!

On his death-bed Charles Darwin said to Emma—she wrote down his words soon afterwards: "I am not the least afraid of death." "Remember what a good wife you have been to me." "Tell all my children to remember how good they have been to me." Mrs. Darwin survived him fourteen years, and her old age was one of serene beauty. Active, reading more than ever in her unwonted leisure—in 1894 she wrote to her daughter: "I am rather ashamed to find I use up rather more than a volume a day of novels"—she was at once the blessing and the pride of all her descendants. She died October 2, 1896, without illness and without warning. We need say only a word of the filial piety and scrupulous taste with which her daughter has edited these letters. They were intended as only a private family publication. But the decision was wise to give them to the world. We cannot have too many such records of human nature at its best.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Money Master. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Sir Gilbert here repeats himself with excellent effect. Indeed, the old story is retold with so much gusto that we incline to doubt whether he himself realizes its elderliness. To a reader unfamiliar with "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Pomp of the Lavillettes," or their companion-pieces, this might seem a creation of singular freshness and charm. Whatever we may think of Sir Gilbert's art, there is no denying his unction.

Nevertheless, whether consciously or not, he works upon a pretty narrow formula. Well he knows, or senses, the limitations of his audience, the many-headed and chuckle-headed populace. Well he understands that nothing is safer than to give it what it is used to, in slightly altered dress. And he finds satisfaction, even exhilaration, in his own easy mastery of the process. For he is essentially an entertainer, not an artist —a performer always conscious of his audience, and determined to keep them "with him." That he thinks himself a serious artist (as we believe he does) goes far towards insuring the continued zest of his performance.

St. Saviour's is a French-Canadian parish, very much in the country, of which a leading member, almost the leading member, is Jean Jacques Barbille, "miller and money-master." He is of decent Norman stock, and has inherited from several generations of *habitant* ancestors a good property and a vast conceit of himself. The little learning snatched from a year at a local university has dangerously increased his pride. He has a quick mind, but little power of co-ordination, fancies himself a philosopher, and is really no more than a self-centred sentimentalist. At thirty, on the voyage home from a "grand tour" through France, he meets and is romantically united to a beautiful Spanish girl. Of more than doubtful extraction, she is capable of good; but Jean Jacques is too much of the romancer and too little of the lover to satisfy her passionate need, and, after a dozen years, she leaves him and their only child, a daughter, upon whom thereafter he centres his affection. She is to leave him in her turn; and presently the fortunes of Jean Jacques begin to crumble. One misfortune follows another, till finally all is lost but a few hundred dollars left him by generous creditors. He sets out upon a vague pilgrimage, in the course of which he miraculously stumbles upon his dying wife, and later upon the grave of his daughter.

The long arm of coincidence is, according to Sir Gilbert's usage, recklessly extended throughout the narrative. Persons are always entering the room at the crucial moment, or chancing to witness the fatal embrace, the chance being a thousand-to-one shot. But this is all in the day's work to an entertainer who has command of his audience. Jean Jacques, the gasconading but not ignoble hero, so familiar in the work of this popular romancer, moves creditably, if not credibly, upon his appointed scene, with fitting entourage of village worthies, chief among them an old Clerk of Court and the inevitable Curé. Most genuine as well as most endearing among them is the simple-hearted, yet not foolish, Virginie Pouchette, who gives the travel-worn Jean Jacques an aftermath of happiness in his declining years.

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The American Historical Association

A REPLY TO MR. BANCROFT.

By Edward P. Cheyney,
Chairman of the Board of Editors of the "American Historical Review."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters of Messrs. Phillips, Bancroft, and Latané in the *Nation* of September 16, following upon Mr. Bancroft's pamphlet, issued some weeks before, may seem to call for some reply on the part of the editors of the *American Historical Review*. An adequate and satisfactory reply to any charges of impropriety can, of course, readily be made. It would seem, however, that, as there will be abundant and early opportunity to discuss the whole matter at the general meeting of the American Historical Association in Washington in Christmas week, it were scarcely worth while to attempt to correct misstatements or explain misunderstandings in the columns of a public journal.

Nevertheless, it may be said in a general way, first, that opposition on the part of the editors to having the *Review* brought entirely under the control of the Association is quite mythical. They have made no such opposition. As a matter of fact the Association pays somewhat less than one-half of the expense of the *Review*, the remainder comes from other sources. In 1898 the Historical Association refused to take over the *Review* completely from the board of guarantors by whom it had been supported during the first three years of its existence, and left the responsibility for its financial support in the hands of the board of editors. At no time since, probably, have the successive members of the board been unwilling to relieve themselves of that responsibility, and turn over the financial and other control of the *Review* to the Association. Secondly, the practice of paying the carfares of the members of the board of editors to and from its three meetings a year was established at the foundation of the *Review*, when the members of the board were Professor Hart, of Harvard; Professor Sloane, then of Princeton; Professor McMaster, of Pennsylvania; Professor Stephens, of Cornell; Prof. George B. Adams, of Yale, and Professor Judson, now president of Chicago. Hotel expenses have never been paid. The custom was doubtless borrowed from the very general practice of learned societies and educational institutions, which, when they call upon certain members to perform unpaid duties at a distance from home, usually pay their travelling expenses. This is done, no doubt, partly from a sense of fairness, partly for the practical purpose of obtaining a fuller attendance.

Thirdly, at no meeting of the board of editors since the present writer has been a member has there been any discussion whatever of the general affairs of the Association, nor any mention of the candidacy of any one for any office. On the contrary, the meetings of the board, both that held at the time of the annual meeting of the Association in December and those held in May and November of each year, have proved none too long for the discussion of plans for the *Review* and its contents, and the settlement of questions submitted to the board by the managing editor. But all these and similar questions of fact, policy, practicability, and official duty can be most fully, freely, and satisfactorily discussed and determined upon at the general meeting of the Association. In the meantime as a contribution to clear knowledge of the subject the board of editors has prepared a plain and somewhat full statement of the past and present relations between the *Review* and the Association which will be sent to all members very shortly.

Recurring to the letters in the *Nation* and to the quotations in that of Mr. Bancroft, it would seem that some members of the Historical Association have not submitted recent polemic documents to the processes of verification, examination of probability, analysis, tests for obsession, and the other forms of sober criticism to which they habitually subject other historical documents with which they deal.

A FEW FACTS.

By Albert Bushnell Hart.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Observers in the trenches report that the thing that most tries men's nerves is the interval between the flash of the shell and the explosion. Such a tension has been the lot of those who have for months been aware that Dr. Bancroft and his friends were preparing a Zeppelin for the benefit of the American Historical Association. The suspense was relieved when a few weeks ago Dr. Bancroft, Professor Latané, and Mr. Rowland launched their craft by a printed circular, and still more relieved when, in the *Nation* of September 16, Dr. Bancroft, Professor Phillips, and Professor Latané printed picric acid letters. For it now appears that all their charges of dread deeds and backstairs influence are reducible to matters widely known by anybody who was interested (although apparently still cryptic to Dr. Bancroft), and to money transactions which are equally a matter of record and which reflect no discredit on any person.

I.

The three matters upon which the various detectives have filed reports are: The organization of the American Historical Association, the organization of the *American Historical Review*, and alleged financial irregularities. On all those questions I have personal knowledge, having been at various times an officer of the Association, one of the editors of the *American Historical Review*, and a participant in the payments which horrify the souls of the "Reformers."

The American Historical Association is a society open to any respectable person on payment of $3 a year. The 2,900 members naturally do not all come to the annual meetings; only from 100 to 400 appear at these conventions. Out of that 100 to 400, a relatively small group in each year carries on the business of the Society. It is so in most learned societies, such as the American Economic and the American Political Science Associations.

To the minds of Dr. Bancroft and his associate detectives, this system sustains "an oligarchy which has distributed offices and honors out of its own self-chosen group." That charge may be quickly checked from the names of some of the officers during the last twenty years. Will any one in his senses assert that the following men were elected presidents or vice-presidents of the Society to serve the purpose of an oligarchy?

George Frisbie Hoar, Richard Salter Storrs, James Schouler, George Park Fisher, James Ford Rhodes, Edward Eggleston, Charles Francis Adams, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Henry Charles Lea, Goldwin Smith, Simeon E. Baldwin, Theodore Roosevelt, Moses Coit Tyler, Herbert Baxter Adams, Edward McCrady, Edward Miner Gallaudet, Melville Weston Fuller, Peter White, A. Lawrence Lowell, George L. Burr, Reuben G. Thwaites, Worthington Chauncey Ford.

In the last ten years, the six elected councillors, and the vice-presidencies and presidencies, have usually gone to professors of history; and that is the only accusation that sticks.

It can hardly seem criminal to the two professors who have signed the charges. Meanwhile, I am free to say that I think the practice has been injudicious, and (since passing through the process myself) I have urged a change. Others have taken up the idea more effectively, and the result was an attempt to get out of the rut by the appointment of Dr. Bancroft to the Council, and that has given him "the time of his life."

The work of the Association, as in every such society, is to a large degree thrown upon the secretaries and the treasurer. The Council can meet only twice a year to discuss the welfare of the Society. The Association has an admirable system of standing committees and commissions, which receive small money aids from the treasury for clerical expenses; or, in some cases, for railway fares to commission meetings. The chairmen of these committees are invited to the regular November Council meeting, where they discuss, but have no votes. This Council is the body which is supposed to be an "oligarchy." In fact, there are few societies in which the discussions and decisions are more open and above board, and more inspired by a desire to advance the cause of learning. This system is as far from being a secret oligarchy as anything can be imagined, for four groups participate: the officers of the Society for the year, the elected councillors, the ex-presidents, and the chairmen of committees.

The Council furthers the principle of the short ballot by appointing the members of the commissions and committees, who have to be selected with a view to their special fitness for the job. This is the chance to bring into service the rising young men who ought to share the honors of the Society. Personally I have for some years felt that the process might go farther; that more pains might be taken to search for talent, both inside and outside the academic ranks; but the actual number of individuals who have been from first to last designated by the Council to serve on such committees runs near two hundred.

The addition of the ex-presidents to the Council dates back to the infancy of the Society, and has been continued until the number of living ex-presidents is fifteen. Surely those who have had the delight of seeing President White and James Schouler and Admiral Mahan at these meetings will not think it a bad system. I have never known a case in which the ex-presidents made or

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contributed to making a majority which overrode the elected councillors and officers. The real complaint of the reform syndicate appears to be against the professorial ex-presidents, who value the privilege of meeting their brethren and taking part in discussions, but who would have no objection to the status of invited guests, which is the practice of the Political Science Association.

Professor Phillips is sure that there is "Boss and Ring Rule in the Council." I have at various times tried to boss the Council to the extent of making it take my sagacious advice, with no adequate result. In every such society a few persons must carry on the business and are likely to represent the traditions. It is undesirable that the same persons should occupy the two important functions of editors of the *Review* and voting members of the Council, but that can be easily remedied.

II.

Of the affairs of the *American Historical Review,* I can speak with some confidence, having been one of the founders in 1895, when the American Historical Association would take no action looking towards an historical journal. It is quite true that the first six editors came from six large universities; and likewise true (though not stated in the detectives' notes) that through their efforts they raised a good part of the $10,000 which made the journal possible. At the end of three years, a favorable arrangement was made by which the Association subscribed for the *Review* for each of its members at a price of $2 a year (subsequently reduced to $1.60 a year).

This favorable arrangement was much aided by the courtesy of the Carnegie Institution, which gave office space for the *Review* and permitted the director of their department of historical research to give at least half his time to the editing of the *Review.* That arrangement, known to anybody interested enough to ask, is the agreement about which Dr. Bancroft says he has "in vain sought specific information."

To take advantage of the offer, the board of editors chose a managing editor, the director of the Carnegie Institution, who at that time was Professor McLaughlin. When Professor Jameson took his place, he was elected managing editor and has so continued. It is difficult to see anything underhand or mysterious about this. If any other person except the director of the department of historical research of the Carnegie Institution were chosen managing editor, it would be necessary to make provision out of the funds of the Association for office room, office expenses, and the salary of a competent man, which the Association presumably could bring about at any annual meeting, if it thought wise; but up to this time nobody has protested against a method which has so many obvious advantages.

One of the conditions of this three-cornered arrangement was that the Council of the Association should appoint the editors of the *Review.* The board of editors has usually indicated the man that it would like for a vacancy, partly because of the necessity of keeping the balance between the fields of history. I have thought and said for years that the number of editors ought to be at least seven instead of six and that the managing editor ought not to be one of the elected editors. Eight persons would distribute the responsibilities and honors of the place more than six.

As one of the persons who had a hand in making the three-fold agreement, it has lain in my mind ever since that the ultimate control of the *Review* must necessarily be in the Association, which through the Council chooses the editors. The Association and the *Review* are parts of one effort to bring the historical forces of the country into line for common action. There may be differences of opinion as to the best way to organize the editorial board, and as to ownership of the very small property and abundant good will of the enterprise. There can be none as to the honesty and public spirit of those who are now carrying on the *Review,* in behalf of the Association and of scholars in general.

III.

As for the charges of meanness, concealment, and petty graft which Dr. Bancroft brings against the present and past editors of the *Review,* and which are the main staple of his circular and his letter to the *Nation,* I repudiate and deny them from top to bottom. The honor of being one of the editors, any historical scholar in the country would appreciate. Few of those who have accepted it have shown unwillingness to give the considerable time and attention required; and for all it has been a labor of love. The conduct of such a journal is much aided by personal meetings of the editors. Without them, it would inevitably become a one-man affair.

It is not reasonable to ask the editors to put money of their own into an enterprise carried on for the benefit of the whole Association. Therefore, several meetings of the editors are held every year, as many as the editors think necessary, without asking Dr. Bancroft's previous permission. A December meeting is especially necessary because selection can at once be made out of articles from the papers read at the meeting. The editors have the opportunity to put in accounts for their "railroad fares and necessary Pullmans." This arrangement has made possible the presence of editors from distant parts of the country. The American Historical Association has never paid a dollar of these expenses; they are provided for by the allowance made for that and other editorial purposes by the publishers.

I do not know who is the "recent president who, in the course of his bashful editorial term of fifteen years, drew $1,516.92 for travelling expenses for the *Review* alone," but $100 a year must seem to Dr. Bancroft, or to any other experienced literary man, a very modest proportion of the value of the service rendered. Otherwise the editor is placed in the position of paying $1,516.92 for the privilege of putting in substantial work for fifteen years. This sounds very much like the Tammany practice of roundly assessing a candidate for a judgeship for his nomination. The only chance that Dr. Bancroft seems to have for "downing somebody" is to pick out a bill for expenses of $19.50, which, according to his figuring, ought not to have been more than $18.30. Such small differences of computation are the only bases for the wild talk of "strong-arm work," "financial mismanagement," "meetings secretly called," "false explaining of the facts," and similar sweet epithets.

Who are the men who are thus brought before the bar of the Association and the public at large? Who are those whom Dr. Bancroft and his associates, by a muckraking style, by insinuation, and by direct accusation, are trying to post as common swindlers? He refers to them by innuendo, but we all know their names, for he vilifies every past or present editor of the *American Historical Review,* that is: William M. Sloane, of Columbia; John B. McMaster, of Pennsylvania; H. Morse Stephens, of California; Harry P. Judson, of Chicago; Frederick Jackson Turner, of Harvard; J. Franklin Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution; Andrew C. McLaughlin, of Chicago; George L. Burr, of Cornell; J. H. Robinson, of Columbia; Edward C. Cheyney, of Pennsylvania; Carl Becker, of Kansas.

The list also includes one other person of whom Dr. Bancroft says: "When it dawned on a certain Harvard member of the board that he was outstaying the proprieties, he withdrew and secured the election of a professor in Wisconsin University. This was considered most chivalrous. Only lately has it become known, except to a few, that the new member had already accepted a call to Harvard." I plead guilty with the greatest pleasure to having had a hand in the appointment of Professor Turner; but I absolutely deny the insinuation that it was urged in order to give Harvard a representative on the board. Harvard could exist without a member of the board. Professor Turner's appointment was due to precisely the same influence as that which brought Dr. Bancroft on the Council of the Association; namely, the reputation of being eminent scholars in American history and fair-minded men.

The similar accusations brought against members of the Council and others for receiving travelling expenses on some occasions is made up of the same unwholesome texture. The system is a proper and economical means of obtaining the attendance of councillors living at a distance; the result has been that the Association has had the advantage of the presence of members at Council meetings from Mississippi, Texas, Kansas, Wisconsin, and other Southern and Western points. I assure the American Sherlock Holmes that a chicken coop, a man's track, and an officer of the American Historical Association do not constitute legal evidence of chicken thieving, especially if no chickens have been stolen! Let us be thankful that in the midst of the array of grafters who have received travelling expenses appears not the name of the only one whose knee has never bowed to Baal, the one righteous man in Sodom!

IV.

The American Historical Association is made up of human beings who have human frailties. Dr. Bancroft is not the only one to believe that a few individuals have had large influence over their fellow-members and officers; but two attempts to stampede the annual business meeting on that issue have been failures. Part of the things demanded by the "Reformers" has long been urged by some whom they include in their rosy "Ring." Perhaps a little shaking up will be a good thing. Whatever needs to be done will doubtless be done by the Association at the next annual meeting, after the report of the Committee of Nine appointed for that purpose. The efforts to undermine the work of that committee beforehand in the minds of the members of the Association are somewhat whimsical, in view of the fact that one of the leading "insurgents" was on the committee which nominated the Committee of Nine, and made

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no public objection to any name on the list.

Those who are interested in the "movement" seem to be of three types: (1) Those who think that some changes in the organization of the American Historical Association are desirable and can be accomplished without breaking the ties of ancient friendships and coöperation: in that number I wish to be recorded. (2) Those who want a personal overturning so as to get rid of particular individuals: for my part, I am entirely willing to be reformed out of office. (3) Those (let us hope, a very small number) who have adopted the manners and vocabulary of the chairman of the late Commission on Industrial Relations, and are filling the air with vague, unsubstantial, and absolutely ungrounded charges of trickery and petty thieving. I, for one, protest with all my might against this senseless mud throwing. Every man chooses his own associates; having been for thirty years intimate with many of the men so airily charged with defalcation, I stand with them.

Notes

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of "The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War," by Arthur Machen, and "The Ballet of the Nations," by Vernon Lee.

"A Maid of '76," by Alden A. Knipe; "The Faithful," by John Masefield; "Commentary on Mark," by M. W. Jacobus; "Voting Trusts," by Harry A. Cushing, and the first volumes of Macmillan Modern Poets are published this week by the Macmillan Co.

October 9 is announced by George H. Doran Co. as the date of publication for the following volumes: "National Floodmarks" (editorials from *Collier's*); "Spragge's Canyon," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "Nobody," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Lot & Company," by Will Levington Comfort; "Buck Parvin and the Movies," by Charles E. Van Loan.

The following volumes will be published on October 9 by Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Dr. Holmes' Boston," edited by Caroline Ticknor (in a limited edition); "Aristocracy and Justice" (the ninth series of the Shelburne Essays), by Paul Elmer More; "What Shall We Read to the Children?" by Clara W. Hunt; "Two American Boys in the War Zone," by L. Worthington Green, and a new edition of "Water Babies," with illustrations by Heath Robinson. On the same date, twelve volumes of the historical works of John Fiske will be published as an addition to the Riverside Pocket Edition, and four volumes of the Vassar College Semi-Centennial series: "Brissot de Warville," by Eloise Ellery; "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian," by Mary Augusta Scott; "Social Studies in English Literature," by Laura J. Wylie, and "An Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars," by Caroline E. Furness.

"The Crown Collection of Photographs of American Maps, Series III," selected and edited by Archer Butler Hulbert, consisting of 250 photographs of American maps in the Colonial Office, London, after a long delay caused by conditions in England and the difficulty of securing materials, will be ready for delivery during the coming month. This brings the "Crown Collection" up to 750 photographs of American maps, 500 being from the British Museum.

To the number of Balkan "Princes" in this country who write and lecture on the war must now be added the noble author of "The Life of King John Sobieski" (Boston: Badger; $1.50). He is described on the title page as "Count John Sobieski," and in the publisher's press notice as "Col. John Sobieski, the dean of American lecturers." On the whole, his book is the queerest of the varied literary by-products of the war that this country has so far furnished. One or two sentences must suffice as a measure of the Colonel's military grasp and of the Dean's English: "His [the elder Sobieski's] ability certainly exceeded Marlborough of England, Frederick of Prussia, and was only equalled by Napoleon, never excelled, for he never was defeated in any great battle. . . . His country always admired, and would perhaps have loved him, if a free people were not always jealous of their liberty; perhaps, too, if he had been less fond of the Queen."

The English of "Bohemia under Hapsburg Misrule," edited by Thomas Capek (New York: F. H. Revell; $1 net), is likewise not impeccable, most of the chapters being contributed by foreign-born writers. The book is dedicated "to the cause of Bohemian-Slovak freedom" and is therefore fiercely anti-Austrian. It is, on the whole, wrong in its perspective and inaccurate in minor details, and the editor and his contributors sometimes verbosely go over the same ground. The most valuable chapter is Prof. Leo Wiener's interesting summary of Czech achievement in literature, entitled "The Bohemians and the Slavic Regeneration." It contains, however, a curious literary faux pas. Professor Wiener speaks of the famous forgery known as the "Königinhofer Handschrift" as the "Queen's Court Manuscript." This is as if a German writer were to translate "Fairfax Court House" into "Schönfax Hofhaus." Worse blemishes, elsewhere in the book, are the statements that "in Carinthia [for Carniola] there are 30,000 Germans and 500,000 Slovenes," and the puerile affectations of "Radecky" for "Radetzky" and "Rokytansky" for "Rokitansky." The German furor for Teutonizing foreign words has its analogue in the modern craze of Slavic or pro-Slavic writers for Slavicizing proper names that have, in their German spelling, become the common property of all civilized nations. The keynote of Mr. Capek's volume is perhaps to be found in the statement that "Russia, whose name is a synonym of despotism, is already in reality the most democratic country in the world." The remark is, at all events, a sample of a pro-Slavic propaganda carried on with too little discretion to be really effective.

The purpose of Henry S. Curtis's new book, "The Practical Conduct of Play" (Macmillan; $2 net), is somewhat narrower than that of his former ones upon the same general theme. The present volume is intended as a textbook for persons preparing themselves for the position of playground director, and also as a manual for any one having to do with the organization of play in less formal fashion, as a parent or a teacher. Consequently, there is a minimum of theory and a maximum of detailed information and suggestion. Theory is not excluded, however, and the result is a readable treatise—if so formidable a term may be applied to a book dealing with play—in which the detail does not appear as lifeless technique, but rather has the effect of giving great concreteness to the discussion. The author knows whereof he writes, having held, among other responsible positions, that of Secretary of the Playground Association of America. Like most of the playground enthusiasts, he is inclined to attribute overmuch to play and not enough to work, but in this volume, with its limited scope, he naturally offends less on this score than usual. Photographs add to the interest and the usefulness of the text; there is a good bibliography, and appendices offer practical directions for organizing and financing playground work.

When Dr. Felix Oswald made his journey through British East Africa in search of certain miocene deposits, he did much more than collect geological evidence. The account of his experiences, "Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country" (Dutton; $3 net), is chiefly distinguished by the character of the information it contains. Dr. Oswald has omitted no detail which would contribute to an authentic picture of conditions in British East Africa. He has covered a wide field without prejudice. A due amount of space is given to the economic situation, to the native negroes, their characteristics, their dances, as well as to the peculiar geological structure of their country. This generous amount of information Dr. Oswald has found sufficient in itself. He has not tried to give any literary merit to his book, and his writing is without color and without inspiration. He has presented his facts, however, in a simple, straightforward manner which is a fair substitute for style. The sleeping-sickness country is new territory for a writer, nor has literature exploited the Kavirondo negroes, a tribe which constitutes the chief interest of Dr. Oswald's book. Although they are a people in a very low stage of development, they were both courteous and hospitable to a white man who was journeying into their country on a mysterious errand. They were unable to understand the scientific purposes of his expedition, but they proved fair guides and trustworthy servants. Also, they were grateful to him for his services as a doctor. A small medicine kit was not only an introduction, but sufficient evidence in itself of good-will. An introduction to the Kavirondos was little more than a formality, for they are no longer a hostile and warlike tribe. Under British protection they have become herdsmen and primitive agriculturists. The women share the labor equally with the men, and in addition take over all responsibility for more menial services. It is their duty to grind millet, make millet-beer, and attend to all household obligations. Also, they carry water from the river. This in itself is a serious problem, since crocodiles are an important item in East African waterways. They are, in part, responsible for certain prevalent diseases among the natives, for the Kavirondo women fill their jars in shallow, stagnant streams rather than brave the dangers of the open river. This does not contribute to the general good health of the community and may account in some measure for the fact that the natives appear to be constitutionally unable to

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resist disease. Entire villages have been destroyed by the sleeping-sickness. This fatal disease is the plague of the country. Not more than twelve years ago it reached East Africa through the trade-routes from West Africa, but even in so short a time the destruction that has followed in its wake is not to be estimated. As yet, no certain cure has been discovered. But it has been established that two species of tsetse fly are responsible for the plague, and a reasonable degree of precaution will secure a reasonable degree of immunity.

Dr. Oswald's descriptions of the deserted villages and ruined huts in the tsetse-stricken districts form his best chapters. They show both emotion and insight. It was close by one of these villages that he found a Kavirondo homestead, and saw for the first time evidence of affection on the part of a Kavirondo father. The owner of the homestead held his youngest son in his arms while talking with the guides of the expedition. Dr. Oswald observed this with some amazement, for kindness and tenderness have no legitimate place in a native household. Even the village dogs fall heir only to abuse. They are at best no more than tolerated, and are allowed to shift for themselves as best they may. Dr. Oswald contends that this has robbed them of all estimable canine qualities; that they have even lost the faculty of barking like respectable dogs. They howl dismally both day and night, and have bitter prejudices against strangers. Such details serve to create a vivid picture of the native character. And when Dr. Oswald journeyed further inland he collected equally valuable information on the natives of the Kisii Highlands, a people not so friendly as the Kavirondos, although more cleanly and better farmers. Their agricultural customs, however, interfered seriously with the scientific work of the expedition, for it is their habit to build great fires on the slopes of the hills, and thus clear the ground for their crops. The smoke which filled the narrow valleys did not further geological investigation. Dr. Oswald's book is a small but very valuable encyclopædia, giving a true picture of an isolated civilization which, when freed from the sleeping-sickness plague, will come to take a larger place in the affairs of the outside world.

With the publication of another volume of the "Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia," embracing the period 1659-60 to 1693 (edited by H. R. McIlwaine, Richmond, Virginia), the task of the State Librarian of Virginia is brought within measurable distance of completion. One more volume will conclude the series, which, with the sixteen volumes of Hening's "Statutes at Large" and the contemplated publication of the Journals of the Council, will give us a complete record of the colonial legislation of Virginia. The editor states that it was his intention to print in the present volume all the remaining Journals of the House from 1619, the date of the first General Assembly in Virginia, to the Assembly of 1695-96, with which the preceding volume begins. (We have noted in previous reviews that the publication progresses backward.) The mass of material, however, was too great, and in the present volume the work has, therefore, been carried back only to the Assembly of 1659-60, with which begins Sir William Berkeley's second term as Governor of Virginia. The same reason, pressure on space, is assigned by the editor for the omission, which we consider regrettable, of the usual section of the preface giving the "general historical setting." An appendix of five papers has been added. Four of these had been overlooked, and the fifth is printed because no Journal of the House for that session has been found. The final volume will contain the remainder of the material and, let us hope, a general index which will be indispensable to the usefulness of the series. Some of the most interesting pages in the volume before us are those relating to the troubles of Lord Culpeper, who arrived in Virginia in 1680 to take up the Governorship which had been conferred on him five years previously, over the imposition of a tobacco tax. For some years this question remained a fruitful source of contention between the House of Burgesses, on the one hand, and the Governor and the Council, on the other. Good reading is also found in the document which, in the absence of any Journal for that session, gives us all the information we have concerning the session of November-December, 1682. In this session apparently a considerable proportion of the time of the worthy burgesses was taken up with disputes between themselves and the Council as to the titles to be assumed by the clerks of the respective chambers. As his laborious task approaches an end, we must again congratulate Mr. McIlwaine on the faithfulness and care with which he has accomplished it.

The possibility of writing upon a great subject simply and yet not superficially is abundantly demonstrated by Clement C. J. Webb, in "A History of Philosophy," which is one of the most recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net). Under his hand, the attempts, from Plato to William James, to explain in some measure the universe, become parts of a fascinating tale, not only intelligible, but even more or less rational, in contrast with the effect—upon the general reader, at least—of the philosophy handbook of commerce. The author knows how to make distinctions without distorting, either by exaggerating differences or by minimizing similarities. The flattering reception that the little volume has had in the country of its origin specially commends it to newer English-speaking communities. Another addition to the Library, of a related character, is Ernest Barker's "Political Thought in England, from Herbert Spencer to the Present Day." The phrase "in England" does not exclude mention of Henry George and Professor Giddings. An equal freedom is observed in the allotment of space, Graham Wallis receiving more than Bagehot. But these irregularities are merely indications of the author's unmechanical treatment of his theme. He is concerned to make his readers understand rather than to be exact in pigeon-holing; there is a glow in his discussion that not only imparts interest to it, but has decided pedagogical value. At the same time, it does not heat his criticism into passion. He is especially good in putting his finger upon inconsistencies, apparent or implicit, in political preachments, and is aided by a somewhat epigrammatic style, as when he remarks: "Carlyle is determined to go straight. In his haste to go straight, he only contrives to fall into the ditch." John Bailey's "Milton," a third addition to the Library, combines exposition with appreciation that now and then rises into vigorous defence. He is no blind partisan of his hero, whose marital and forensic extravagances he faithfully sets down, along with the literary and theological limitations, but he is occupied in the main, and, of course, rightly, with Milton's claims to immortality, rather than with his mortal weaknesses. He does not shrink from detailed analysis of the poet's similes, or even from reviewing the plot of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," yet this care for concrete detail and for making himself plain is not incompatible with keen discrimination between what is excellent and what is poor and what is only half-successful in the conception and the execution of the great epic. Not every one will agree with his views of the sonnet as it has been handled by various English poets—Shakespeare always and Wordsworth often "sinned as Milton did not against the true genius of the sonnet"—but his discussion of the topic is illuminating for its breadth and not injured by its independence.

In 1894, Professor Gudeman, then at the University of Pennsylvania, published an important edition of Tacitus's "Dialogus de Oratoribus." This work now appears in German from the press of Teubner (14 marks). Though the foundations are the same, the structure is greatly enlarged and improved. Professor Gudeman has built him an enduring monument, in what at once becomes a standard edition of a great work. The text is conservatively and sensibly treated on the basis of a full and accurate collation of the manuscripts and a careful and convincing study of their genealogical relations. The commentary shows a deep reading not only of Tacitus, but of the ancient authorities on rhetoric, especially Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, and Pliny. It treats in an exhaustive way the important problems in rhetoric, philosophy, education, and history raised by the text, and includes a no less exhaustive study of Tacitus's syntax and style. In this particular, Professor Gudeman's present position with the staff of the Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ in Munich has enabled him to use, to great advantage, material still inaccessible to the scholarly world outside. The various matters dealt with in the notes are discussed comprehensively in the introduction, which also treats of the larger literary considerations and lays once and for all the ancient doubt as to the authorship of Tacitus's treatise. The book concludes with an exhaustive bibliography and an index more concise than so important a work would deserve, were it not for the highly systematic arrangement of the introduction.

The volume entitled "University of Chicago Sermons" (The University of Chicago Press; $1.50) is noteworthy in several particulars. These sermons, eighteen in number, with an introductory essay by the editor, are all by members of the University Faculties, and may therefore be taken to represent fairly widespread opinions in the University. They are all characterized by frankness, clearness, and vigor. While distinctly religious and Christian, they attach themselves to no one of the denominational creeds. The emphasis is laid on spiritual views of life and moral character. Religion is not set over against science and art as an opposing element of life, but is regarded as a purifying and elevating influence which may belong to

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all directions of human thought. The scheme of the sermons is theistic, but it is recognized that the moral power of theism may be found in systems that do not take account of a divine government of the world. Life is taken to mean the development of the total nature of man—the business of the Christian life is to fill the world with men and women fitter physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Jesus is the most potent manifestation of this life which is lived in communion with God. Prayer is not a means of procuring from without blessings of any sort; it is primarily subjective, but may rouse the man to effort which may produce objective results. These sermons appeal to the highest human aspirations, and if they should seem to some to sin by omission, there need be no difficulty in fitting their principles into more elaborate theological systems.

Science

SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE.

Kulturhistoriske Studier over Ædelstene, med særligt Henblik paa det 17 *Aarhundrede.* Af Axel Garboe. Kobenhavn og Kristiania: Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag.

The many curious superstitions that have been current about precious stones, as well as about stones of strange form, fossils, or concretions, have been more intelligently studied of late years than ever before. For a time the apparent absurdity of these ideas deterred serious writers from taking much notice of them, and what little was written on the subject was mostly in the way of short paragraphs in ephemeral publications destined to catch the popular fancy. But with the realization of the relative importance of such singular ideas in the history of civilization, some really thorough work has recently been done. Dr. Garboe's book is one of the best special studies of its kind; indeed, within the somewhat narrow chronological limits the author has seen fit to impose upon himself, nothing approaching it in completeness and thoroughness has so far been issued. He has chosen as the subject of his work the therapeutic use of stones, their employment as remedial agents, and in order, as he says, to avoid repetition, he draws his information almost exclusively from seventeenth-century writers, whose works he has faithfully examined and from whom he gives a very large number of well-selected extracts in the original, placing them partly in the text of his book and more copiously in the footnotes.

This strict limitation as to time, while it possesses undoubted advantages and makes possible a more homogeneous exposition, has also certain disadvantages, since it necessarily leaves out of consideration, to a great extent at least, the origin of these beliefs; for the views of the seventeenth-century authors possess only a psychological interest as illustrating the thought of people who were much too uncritical to undertake any real elucidation. In a number of cases the belief that a certain particular stone would cure a certain class of ailments had been handed down through many centuries; indeed, we can safely say through thousands of years, having originated long before the philosophical theories supposed to explain it were in existence. The essential exclusion in this really valuable study of the talismanic side of the superstitions of precious stones, as well as of the specifically religious side, as in the case of the breastplate stones and the stones of the New Jerusalem, leading up to our birth-stones of to-day, is, of course, necessary to preserve the unity of the author's plan, and yet many important sidelights are cast upon the question of the remedial use of gems by their religious use, or by their dedication to saints and angels.

An instance showing the value of going back to the very earliest records is afforded by the sapphire. This stone was generally believed in the seventeenth and earlier centuries to give help in all diseases and troubles of the eye. Now, this idea was directly derived from Greek and Latin tradition as to the *sapphirus*, a name referring not to our sapphire but to lapis-lazuli, to the powder of which a certain remedial effect might perhaps be conceded. As far back as the Ebers Papyrus, or about 1600 B. C., lapis-lazuli is noted as an ingredient in eye-washes, and yet we have reason to believe that here also the real virtues of another blue mineral had been transferred to lapis-lazuli, namely, those of the oxide of copper, which was known to the ancients as *lapis Armenus*, and possessed marked astringent powers.

Dr. Garboe first deals with the views held by seventeenth-century writers touching precious stones in general, noting the fact that this term was very loosely used to designate both precious and semi-precious stones, and concretions, fossils, etc. He then proceeds to determine the ideas that induced the belief in their healing powers, touching also here and there in this connection upon their supposed talismanic qualities. Finally, he treats at length of the actual use of these bodies in medicine.

The composition of several of the more popular tinctures, quintessences, magisteria, etc., are given in the original Latin formulas, one of the most complex, comparable in this quality to the famous Electuary of Hyacinth, being that for the composition of the *pulvis rubeus Pannononicus*, concerning which we may quote from Dr. Garboe (p. 112):

Take three ounces of *bolus Armenus* mixed with rose-water and olive oil, two ounces of Lemnian earth, a half-ounce of the preparation of red coral, six drachms of prepared white coral, four drachms of each of the precious stones, emerald, ruby, sapphire, and jacinth, five drachms of prepared pearls, two drachms of choice cinnamon, one drachm of cloves, two drachms of sorrel seed, one and a half drachms of lemon peel and of white sandalwood, two drachms of red sandalwood, five drachms of prepared bone-charcoal, three drachms of ivory shavings, one drachm of Oriental crocus, four drachms of unicorn's horn, or lacking this of the *hard part* of a stag's heart, and as many as fifty leaves of the finest gold.

Naturally, the gold and gems were totally worthless, but by the clever admixture of some vegetable substances possessing a certain, if slight, medicinal virtue, the concocters of the red Pannonian powder were able to impress the credulous with the costliness of some useless ingredients, trusting that the less valuable elements in the mixture might do the work.

A rare instance of a belief that a change in the color of a pearl was a presage of death, is given on page 37, where we read that in the Danish family, Danneskjold-Samsœ, there was a tradition that when one of the pearls in a valuable family heirloom lost its beauty (or "died"), a near-approaching death in the family was portended. This is only one example among many of the interesting and new, or little known, Danish material on the subject of his book that Dr. Garboe has collected, and, as we have already stated, he has very thoroughly presented the often divergent views and observations of the seventeenth-century writers of all countries.

The much shorter work of Dr. Fühner, "Lithiotherapie," issued in 1902, to which Dr. Garboe refers in terms of measured praise, undoubtedly contains much less material than does the book under review, but attempts to give, and in many cases really does give, a somewhat wider view of the subject, in that more attention is paid to the Greek, Latin, and Oriental writers; so that, in some respects, brief as the treatise is, it can hardly be said to be superseded as yet. Still, the solid merits and great value of this new Danish contribution to the literature of this difficult and interesting subject can fairly be said to make it the best work on the supposed remedial virtues of gems and stones that has been published so far.

"The Nature and Origin of Fiords," by Prof. J. W. Gregory, of the University of Glasgow (London: Murray), is an interesting and well-illustrated volume, which has for its conclusion: "All the fiord-systems of the world owe their characteristic features to earth movements, and not to glacial action." To the present reviewer, the arguments presented to this end seem inadequate. They are too often based on erroneous interpretation of observations, as when the spurs on the west side of the Gulf of Cattaro, on the Adriatic, are described as due to faulting. They are too often supported by favorable conclusions quoted from various writers, instead of by an analysis of the reasons that led to such conclusions. The book furthermore appears to be tainted with special pleading, inasmuch as it gives greater emphasis and acceptance to arguments and opinions against than for glacial erosion. In view of these defects, it is to be feared that the book will, from its apparent frankness and from its evident erudition, mislead readers who accept its guidance.

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Drama and Music

"HUSBAND AND WIFE."

Audiences will have happy endings and the playwrights have yielded. Since the first performance of "The Big Drum" Sir A. W. Pinero has been forced to bring the lovers together before the final curtain, but it has remained for the author of "Husband and Wife" (Forty-eighth Street Theatre) to devise an ending which is both happy and piquant. It is, in fact, a double ending, the first or legitimate ending being to satisfy his artistic conscience, and the second serving to give happiness to the audience. After we have been told that there is hope, although faint hope, that the defaulting hero will not be prosecuted, a Japanese butler suddenly appears, while the protagonists are in each others' arms, to report as follows: "Mr. Knight [the bank examiner] says that everything is O. K." The announcement was met by titters on the part of the audience, which were not unmixed with the satisfaction of knowing definitely that husband and wife were not to be separated.

Apart from this novel feature, the play is not noteworthy. It treats the theme, signalized by Ibsen's "Doll's House," of misunderstandings arising between a husband and wife who have no intellectual companionship, since the man prefers that she remain a pretty doll. She, from pique and rebelliousness, gives herself up to frivolity, and by her extravagance involves her husband in debt which he vainly tries to meet by speculation with money not belonging to him. The play has not Ibsen's skilful construction, and appears, indeed, to be machine-made. But the performance of the principal actors was not unworthy of the serious subject. Mr. Robert Edeson, though not entirely free from the theatrical, gave a competent representation of the defaulting cashier, and Miss Olive Tell by her prettiness and charm helped to dignify a part which might easily have become melodramatic. F.

"MOLOCH."

The European conflict has furnished a new setting for those old combatants of the stage, Virtue and Vice, and has endowed them with the new names Peace and War. Miss Beulah M. Dix, the author of "Moloch," has indeed gone so far as to reinvest them with their original abstract quality. For her evident intention to be neutral has resulted in a clash of right and wrong, not in individuals, nor even in nations, but in the scheme of the universe. The play merely pictures two nations in arms against another, all three being unnamed; no motives are assigned, and that the victory of the allies is not meant to be righteous is indicated by the fact that, as soon as they get the common foe off their hands, they begin to fight each other. We have no quarrel with any one who attempts to make war a series of unmitigated horrors, but are bound to admit that this procedure destroys dramatic interest and turns a play into a spectacle. Even in the old morality plays vice took on human form, and there was a chance to hiss in the only way in which hissing is satisfactory; namely, at one's fellow-man.

Now, war as villain does not meet dramatic requirements. It is so huge that it inspires merely the dread which is felt for a gigantic convulsion of nature, or for so degenerate a natural tendency as is embedded in the preachment of Brieux's "Damaged Goods." The dramatic interest of "Moloch" scarcely exceeds that of the motion-picture play "The Battle Cry of Peace," which latter is a tract in behalf of preparedness.

Having said so much, it is only fair for us to add that the representation given by Holbrook Blinn and his company at the New Amsterdam is in most respects admirable. The main defect is an inarticulateness on the part of certain actors. The fault is one to which audiences should strongly object, as it seems to be growing, in English as well as in American actors. To realize how far stage speech has in recent years deteriorated, one has only to notice by contrast the resonant, distinct voice of that well-trained actress of an earlier school, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who gives an excellent performance as the mother. Mr. Blinn, by the fire of his acting as colonel, does much to counterbalance the impersonal element of the play to which we have referred. The scene on the firing line was almost too vivid for some members of the audience, whose ears and nostrils rebelled at the terrific booming and the resultant smoke. F.

A MELODRAMA FROM DRURY LANE.

"Stolen Orders," the "thriller" which seems likely to keep the large Manhattan Opera House reasonably full for a considerable time to come, belongs to the ante-bellum days of Drury Lane, to be precise, to the year 1913, which means that some of its incidents seem as of a period incalculably distant. It is, for instance, with a distinct sense of shock that one sees a German admiral welcomed, at all events with the appearance of perfect courtesy, aboard a British battleship, while the ship's band breaks into the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein." Inevitably one almost waits for the discharge of a torpedo from the coat-tail pockets of this bearded, von Tirpitz-appearing officer. This particular thrill is denied us, since, incredible as it now seems, in the year 1913 relations of amity existed among the great Powers of Europe. Nevertheless, as the authors would have us believe —and we may accept their word—in the land of England harbingers of the strife to come were abroad in the persons of secret agents of "a certain great Power," and one of the two threads of plot that hold together this melodrama concerns the theft of an envelope containing sealed orders from the cabin of a British admiral. The other thread, which is brought into rather forcible connection with the former, relates to a burglary (staged in the first act) which took place twenty years before the main action of the piece begins. For the rest the plot progresses in orderly fashion through the tried and accepted stages of Drury Lane melodrama to its appointed conclusion when innocence is vindicated, virtue rewarded, and vice punished, quite as things should be in self-respecting melodrama.

To recount all of the various thrills by means of which the action advances would be both tedious and superfluous. It is sufficient to note that they include a dive from the main topgallant, or some equally inaccessible spot, of a battleship, and the shooting of a Zeppelin in mid-air. The large cast (nearly fifty names figure on the programme) is, on the whole, well selected, and the piece is played with spirit. It is pleasant to greet again Miss Connie Ediss, who is always amusing, in the rôle of a beauty specialist, and that capable actor of the old tradition, W. L. Abingdon, who, as Baron Kurdmann, well sustains the enviably villanous reputation that he won in similar parts at Drury Lane a quarter of a century ago. The production of the piece is acceptable, if not so impressive as it might have been, and the stage management is excellent. Altogether, "Stolen Orders" is worthy of the reputation of the famous house from which it comes. S. W.

"TWO IS COMPANY."

This "Parisian musical novelty" at the Lyric Theatre is an American version of "Mon Ami Emile," by Paul Hervé. The music is by Paul Briquet and Adolf Philipp. The plot is quite visible. It is set in motion by the vanity of a mother-in-law (invisible), who presents her daughter, Heloise, Baroness d'Heurville, with an oil painting of herself of twenty years ago. At that remote period she bore a remarkable resemblance to the Heloise of to-day. In a conversation, which caused us much anxiety lest a slip clear up the misunderstanding, the Baron freely gives the very gentlemanly Emile permission to make love to the original of the portrait. Emile hastens to tell Heloise, who does not return his deep affection, the news that her husband welcomes his attention to her. She is enraged and engages a detective to secure evidence for divorce. The Baron does likewise, and the two detectives, Dubois and Dupré, specialists in the breaking up of homes, partners but enemies, are opposed to each other in the d'Heurville case. These two supply the humor of the piece, and their professional labors move the characters about. By the end of the third act the d'Heurville family is reunited and Emile is rewarded with an attractive partner in Lu Lu, the actress, whose packet of old letters from the Baron we see many times during the evening. This tale is most discreetly told in a series of pretty scenes. There are good singing by both chorus and principals, pleasing but not ravishing music, which lacks variety and in which the waltz is over-prominent, and a scattering of harmless jokes. The leading actors, who proved that two is company, were equal to the problem. Georgia Caine was a real Baroness, and one with an excellent taste in dress. May de Sousa made entirely credible her statement that both bachelors and married men pursued her. D. B.

THE CENTURY AS A MUSIC HALL.

Only time can decide whether the present experiment of Mr. Fred Wayburn shall represent the final destiny of the unwieldy building that a few years ago started life with high hopes as a Palace of Art. Art, at least the art of the modern drama, does not thrive in a palace of these dimensions, and the house is certainly better adapted to its present use as a music hall than it ever was to the well-intentioned enterprise of Mr. Winthrop Ames. There will be few tears for the things of the past. Whether, on the other hand, there will be laughter enough or originality enough to insure the success of the house in its new adventure is open to question. The management boldly challenges comparison by advertising the re-made Century as "the only Continental music hall in America," and offers as the first attraction a review of much variety and considerable length with the appropriately all-embracing

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title of "Town Topics," the title serving as the only link between successive scenes. Unreserved praise must be given to the staging, dressing, and management of the production. The costumes are elaborate and the color-schemes well conceived; the frequent changes of scenes are made with speed and precision; Mr. Wayburn utilizes the revolving stage of the Century as it has never been utilized before, and the beautiful spectacles of the four seasons are alone well worth seeing. Mention must also be made of the excellent dancing of Adelaide and Hughes, which is in the legitimate manner of the ballet. None of the externals which should go to the making of a successful review of the Continental type are lacking. These things, however, contribute to but do not make a review. The humor of Bert Leslie and of Miss Trixie Friganza is bludgeon-like in its incidence; the most genuinely humorous thing in the production is the patter of Will Rogers. "Town Topics" may be, and very likely is, exactly the sort of thing that New York wants, but it is not even a good imitation of the typical entertainment of the best Continental music halls. S. W.

In "The Sorrows of Belgium," a play in six scenes (Macmillan; $1.25), the Russian writer, Leonid Andreyev, professes to delineate the tragedy of Belgium as reflected in the home of a famous Belgian poet and thinker, Emile Grelieu, standing as the representative of the national conscience. There is nothing dramatic about the piece. Virtually nothing is done upon the stage, but the confusion, horror, despair, and desolation consequent upon the influx of the barbaric German host are described in conversation by members of the Grelieu family and others. It is possible that these descriptions are more vivid and impressive in the original than they are in this "authorized translation" by Herman Bernstein, which has no distinction. They show imagination, but not of any uncommon order. Had they been written originally in English, it is extremely doubtful whether they would have been deemed worthy of reproduction in a foreign tongue. Certainly they reveal no especial power of insight or invention, although they represent, with considerable fidelity, the bewilderment arising from the shock of an unforeseen calamity. Pathetic and patriotic passages abound, but they are of ordinary quality. The conversational narrative relates how the peace-loving sage, Grelieu, accompanied his sons to the war, how he was wounded, how he was visited privately by the King, and how he advised the latter to break the dikes and loose the raging waters upon the ruthless invaders. There is a scene at German Headquarters, when the advancing floods are reported, but that is utterly ineffectual. Finally the curtain falls upon the poet-patriot as he prophesies the restoration of free Belgium to more than her former beauty and prosperity—a prophecy for whose fulfilment every one will hope. The play conveys the impression of having been written in a great hurry, under the impulse of strong and righteous indignation, but it is not illumined by dramatic or poetic fire.

Three volumes in Richard G. Badger's Contemporary Dramatists' series are at hand (75 cents net, each). These are José Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto," translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, jr.; "Advent," by August Strindberg, translated from the German by Claude Field, and Maxim Gorki's "Nachtasyl." This last is a new version under the title "Submerged," translated from the Russian by Edwin Hopkins.

Apart from Stephen Foster, whose simple yet inspired melodies have become American folksongs, the most American of all composers is Edward MacDowell. He is as American as Mark Twain or Bret Harte, and that is why Europeans like his music, as something "different." Massenet was the first to commend this music to the French. In Germany it is printed by the leading publishers, and has a large sale. But it is in Great Britain that it has most particularly come into vogue, partly, no doubt, because with all its American coloring, it is tinged here and there with Scotch and Celtic elements.

Not only are articles on MacDowell's music appearing in English periodicals with increasing frequency, but two new books on him are in course of preparation. One of them is by Ashton Jonson. It will be a handbook, like his invaluable volume on Chopin, containing not only his own comments on all the important MacDowell compositions, but those of others who have written on them. This will be an invaluable book to amateurs as well as to the large number of professionals who now regularly include MacDowell's songs or piano pieces in their programmes.

The other new book on MacDowell is being written by Templeton Strong, who was for years his most intimate friend. It is appearing in instalments in that excellent English magazine, the *Music Student*. There is a special summer issue of this magazine devoted almost entirely to MacDowell and his works. Apart from Templeton Strong's "Reminiscences," there are articles on the MacDowell songs written by E. S. Mitchell; the choral works, by R. Runciman Terry; the orchestral works, and "MacDowell as a Poet," by Ashton Jonson; "MacDowell as a Teacher," by Mrs. MacDowell, an interesting interview with whom is also included. The editor of the *Music Student*, Percy H. Scholes, contributes a valuable article on the piano works, with frank yet highly appreciative notes on the sonatas and groups of short pieces. The editor confesses that in going through these works again he has been more and more impressed by the fact that he had "previously rated MacDowell too low." There are also pages on his part-songs, his orchestral works, the Peterborough colony, his tragic last days, together with some pages of anecdotes illustrating his character. Organists will be interested in the article by Dr. Bairstow on transcriptions for their instrument of MacDowell pieces. Violinists will be interested in the information regarding Arthur Hartmann's translations for the violin of five of the MacDowell gems. One of these, "To a Wild Rose," promptly had such a large sale that the composer's royalties alone amounted to five thousand dollars.

Josef Stransky has obtained the right to the American première of Richard Strauss's new tone-poem, the Alpine Symphony, and it will probably be one of the novelties of the New York Philharmonic's coming season. The publishers of this important novelty have already issued a miniature score, a version for piano, and an explanatory pamphlet. The work lasts about forty minutes and, according to Lenckhart, its publisher, "the whole structure is, for Strauss, unusually clear, so that the hearer can easily follow the twenty-two divisions of the work."

Art

CHURCH ART IN ENGLAND.

Pulpits, Lecterns, and Organs in English Churches. By J. Charles Cox. New York: Oxford University Press.

This latest volume in the notable series of books upon Church Art in England, under the distinguished editorship of Mr. Francis Bond, will appeal to those who are concerned with the "Church" rather than with the "Art" mentioned in the title. The attempt at a complete registration and dating of English pulpits, lecterns, organ cases, and ecclesiastical hour-glasses, during the mediæval and "Post-Reformation" periods, will, of course, prove valuable to the student of art. The author's long and diligent travel and research have resulted in important additions to the enumerations of such earlier works as Dollman's "Examples of Ancient Pulpits," published in 1849. The wealth of superb illustrations, often of remote and undeservedly obscure monuments, are an asset that the reader has been taught to expect in this series. Attracted by such virtues as these, the critic is disappointed at finding no adequate classifications within the different periods, no account of the general evolution, and no analysis of the several styles. The major part of the volume is occupied by the treatment of true pulpits, *i. e.*, pulpits for preaching in distinction from ambos for Epistle and Gospel, which received no large, monumental expression in the English church, but took the modest form of small reading-desks, often in the shape of the later lectern, an eagle with outspread wings. For these pulpits, it surely is not enough to distinguish two great mediæval groups according to the materials of stone or wood, to bring together all the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Carolean examples, and to base the arrangement upon counties. Dr. Cox might have made his book more final if he had sought to discern stylistic subdivisions within these groups or indulged himself in less vague, casual, and meagre discussions of technique and design. One would have appreciated, for instance, a comparison of the few figured pulpits with contemporary sculpture, an effort to discover the reason for their obvious inferiority, or a comparison of the ornamental details with contemporary screens and architectural decoration. The author also fails to utilize the light that might have been thrown upon the English development by more frequent reference to Continental specimens.

The ecclesiologist, however, will find much to interest him, though it is scattered rather loosely through the pages and sometimes appears in the form of digressions, not indispensable to the reader whose purpose is purely artistic. Characteristic instances are the long rehearsal of the diverse uses of the pulpit at the end of the first chapter and the passage about clerical education in the sixteenth century in the chapter upon Post-

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Reformation Preaching. The author has sought to enliven the many sections that tend to the dryness of a mere catalogue by interspersing them with anecdotes about particular monuments, occasionally drawn from his own experience as a sermonizer. The most significant point made in the book is the convincing demonstration of the fact that, contrary to the usual opinion, preaching in the vernacular was common in the Middle Ages and decreased rather than increased at the beginning of the Reformation. In the fourteenth, and especially the fifteenth, centuries the imposing pulpit was therefore a conspicuous article of ecclesiastical furniture; examples from the earlier Middle Ages are not extant, because hitherto light, portable structures of wood had been employed.

Dr. Cox writes with an Anglican priest's pleasant enthusiasm and affection for the objects that he describes. He sounds the note of a much-needed warning when he denounces English neglect of existing monuments and such religious and artistic desecration as the transmutation of the pulpit at Marholm into a sideboard for the dining-room of the rectory!

Finance

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

One year ago this week, officers of the banks in all quarters of the United States were in conference, precisely as they are to-day. The conference of last September, like that which is now in progress, had to do with the raising of a great credit fund—the amount named a year ago was $100,000,000. This fund, like the pending Anglo-French credit, was to be utilized for the purpose of correcting an abnormally violent derangement in exchange between New York and London. It was to be administered, as the proceeds of the European loan will doubtless be, by a committee of bankers whose function it was to release the credits established, in proportion as they were needed, to regulate exchange rates.

But with these parallel conditions, the resemblance between the operation of last September and the pending operation ceases, and is replaced by contrasts. The American bank syndicate of a year ago was called upon to deal with a state of things in which the New York market's position was exactly what the London market's position is to-day. Sterling exchange stood at $4.97¾, whereas the normal maximum rate in London's favor would be $4.89½. The rate had been $6.50. At the rate ruling a year ago this week, it was possible to say that the American dollar was theoretically depreciated 2⅜ per cent. on the English market. New York was in fact exporting gold at the rate of $5,000,000 weekly, sending it to Ottawa for the account of the Bank of England. This gold was going out in spite of a deficit of $31,000,000 in New York bank reserves, and an 8 per cent. rate for both short and long term loans; yet it had not restored foreign exchange to anything approaching a normal level.

It is scarcely necessary to indicate the points of dramatic contrast in the existing situation. The single point of resemblance left is the reappearance of the American banks, engaged in making arrangements for a syndicate to relieve the situation. But the question, over which future financial history is likely to be somewhat puzzled, is the reason why the two periods—last autumn and this—should have presented such diametrically opposite fundamental conditions. If our market's position is now so supremely strong, especially in relation to London, why did it show such weakness a year ago? The fact that the huge contracts for war munitions had not then been thought of, answers the conundrum partly, but not wholly; because the existing conditions in the market for exchange arose before exports of war munitions had begun in quantity. Our enormous exports of grain, for example, were as much of a certainty, last September and October, as they were six months later.

The real answer probably is that twelve months ago the whole financial world was mistaken about the economic situation. Both Lombard Street and Wall Street then imagined that London would continuously call in all of Great Britain's outstanding foreign credits, and, in particular, would realize at the first opportunity on the whole mass of England's holdings of American securities. Each market thought that, even if New York were to gain the place of financial centre of the world (which was then not considered probable), the event would relieve, not aggravate, London's burden of payments on the international markets. What both financial communities overlooked was the enormous influence of the unseen movement of the world's free capital to the market which had shown its qualities as a safe depository.

This is a situation big with sensational economic possibilities if the war is long continued; and it is so, irrespective of the question, whether or not the Anglo-French loan negotiations result in the partial readjustment of the market for international exchange. While setting forth last week the reasons for such a loan to England and France, to readjust the greatly disturbed balance of international exchange, Mr. James J. Hill stated as a "reasonable prediction" that the country's excess of exports over imports for the calendar year 1915 would be $2,500,000,000. What this would mean may be judged from the fact that the largest export surplus for any previous calendar year was the $692,000,000 of 1913, and that the average for the ten past calendar years was only $478,000,000. This being so, Mr. Hill's supposition seemed inconceivable.

Last week's Government statement of our foreign trade in August, and for the year to date, showed that during the first eight months of 1915, excess of exports had crossed the billion-dollar mark. The exact figure of the surplus, $1,081,000,000, not only ran more than a thousand million dollars beyond the same months in 1914, and $689,000,000 beyond the highest previous record for the period, but actually surpassed by $885,000,000 the average eight months' export excess in the ten preceding years. The results for August alone — usually the slackest export month in any years—were that the largest previous export surplus, that of 1913, was overtopped by nearly $70,000,000. And the "munitions shipments" were only beginning to move in quantity.

Does the year 1915 as a whole, then, bid fair to show any such amazing results as Mr. Hill suggests? That depends on two uncertain questions—how great the monthly outgo of war material will be, and to what extent our shipment of agricultural and miscellaneous products will maintain the volume of the previous months of war-time. For the four months still remaining to be reported on, the largest total export excess in the past was the $351,000,000 of 1912. Supposing a monthly increase of $100,000,000 this year—which is not unreasonable, unless our general exports decrease abnormally—the export surplus for the present calendar year would be something like $1,800,000,000, or nearly a billion and a quarter above the best previous record.

This is still well below the estimate of Mr. Hill. Yet nobody knows to what figures the "munitions exports" may not go, if there are ships enough to carry them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Artzibashef, M. Breaking Point. Huebsch. $1.40 net.
Beach, R. Heart of the Sunset. Harper. $1.35 net.
Campbell, R. W. Private Spud Tamson. Appleton. $1 net.
Deland, M. Around Old Chester. Harper. $1.35 net.
Dixon, T. The Foolish Virgin. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Gregor, E. R. The Red Arrow. Harper. $1 net.
Harris, C. The Co-Citizens. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Hendryx, J. The Promise. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Heyliger, W. Against Odds. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Howard, G. B. God's Man. Bobbs-Merrill.
Lagerlöf, S. Jerusalem. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Maher, R. A. The Heart of a Man. Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.
Smith, G. A. The Crown of Life. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Voûte, Emile. The Passport. Mitchell Kennerley.
Zerbe, J. S. Trench-Mates in France. Harper. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aston, F. Stories from German History. Crowell.
Bolce, H. An Editor Who Edits. London: W. H. Smith & Son.
Canby, H. S. College Sons and College Fathers. Harper. $1.20 net.
Carr, E. H. The Happy Phrase. Putnam.

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Catalogue of the John Boyd Thacher Collection of Incunabula. Compiled by F. W. Ashley. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Common Conditions. Edited by T. Brooke. Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Curzon, Earl. Subject of the Day. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Dawes, C. G. Essays and Speeches. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Dimsdale, M. A History of Latin Literature. Appleton. $2 net.
Eliot, C. W. The Training for an Effective Life. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
Hunecker, J. Ivory Apes and Peacocks. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Mills, E. A. The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
Montague, M. P. Closed Doors. Studies of Deaf and Blind Children. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Ogden, F. Q. The Universal Order. Paul Elder. $1 net.
Potter, E. G., and Gray, M. T. The Lure of San Francisco. Paul Elder.
The American Jewish Year Book. Edited by J. Jacobs. Jewish Pub. Society of America.
The Riverside Uplift Series: The Glory of the Imperfect. Self Cultivation in English. The Amateur Spirit. The Cultivated Man. Trades and Professions. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net each.
The Works of Oscar Wilde. Ravenna Edition. Putnam.
Trevena, J. Matrimony. Mitchell Kennerley.
Walton, G. L. Calm Yourself. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Whither? Anonymous. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Archibald, A. Biblical Nature Studies. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Pepper, G. W. A Voice from the Crowd. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Beard, C. A. Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy. Macmillan.
Dunbar, D. E. The Tin-Plate Industry. (Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.) Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Goddard, H. H. The Criminal Imbecile. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Leake, A. Means and Methods of Agricultural Education. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
McCall, S. W. The Liberty of Citizenship. Yale University Press. $1.15 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Alvord, C. W., and Carter, C. E. The Critical Period 1763-1765. British series. Vol. 1. Illinois State Historical Library.
Balfour, G. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner. $2 net.
Browne, F. F. The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln. Putnam. $1.75 net.
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SCIENCE.

How to Make and How to Mend. Anonymous. Macmillan.
Kaupp, B. F. Poultry Culture Sanitation and Hygiene. Saunders. $2 net.
Philips, E. F. Beekeeping. Rural Science series. Macmillan. $2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Pinski, D. The Treasure. Huebsch. $1 net.

ART.

Burgess, F. W. Antique Furniture. Putnam.
Lithography and Lithographers. Some Chapters in the History of the Art, by E. R. Pennell, together with Descriptions and Technical Explanations of Modern Artistic Methods, by J. Pennell. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
Neuhaus, E. The Galleries of the Exposition. Paul Elder. $1.50 net.

JUVENILE.

Alcott, L. M. Little Women. Little, Brown.
Burgess, T. W. Mother West Wind Why Stories. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Dodge, M. M. Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates. Scribner. $2 net.
Downie, V. Robin the Bobblin. Harper. 50 cents net.
Linderman, F. B. Indian Why Stories. Scribner. $2 net.
The Golden Staircase Poems and Verses for Children. Chosen by L. Chisholm. Pictures by M. D. Spooner. Putnam.
Waitt, P. The Adventures of Mollie, Waddy, and Tony. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bruce, M. S. Exercises in French Composition. Ginn. 35 cents.
Cajori, F., and Odell, L. R. Elementary Algebra. Macmillan.
Cunningham, J. C., and Lancelot, W. H. Soils and Plant Life as Related to Agriculture. Macmillan.
Hegner, R. W. Practical Zoölogy. Macmillan.
Lyon, T. L., Fippin, E. O., and Buckman, H. O. Soils, Their Properties and Management. Macmillan.
Miller, J. A., and Lilly, S. B. Analytic Mechanics. Heath.
Sypherd, W. O., and Dutton, G. E. English Composition for College Freshmen. Part I. Principles. Part II. Specimens. Privately printed.

LARSON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By LAURENCE M. LARSON, University of Illinois. (*American Historical Series.*) xviii+661 pp. 12mo. $1.40.

This textbook provides about the right amount of material for a high school or short college course. The author has attempted especially to do two things: to make clear the connection of English history with related events and movements on the Continent and to give an adequate account of those developments in the history of Britain that have a peculiar significance for the history of our own country. Several pages are given to the events leading up to the Great War of 1914 and to its development in its early stages.

Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St., NEW YORK

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